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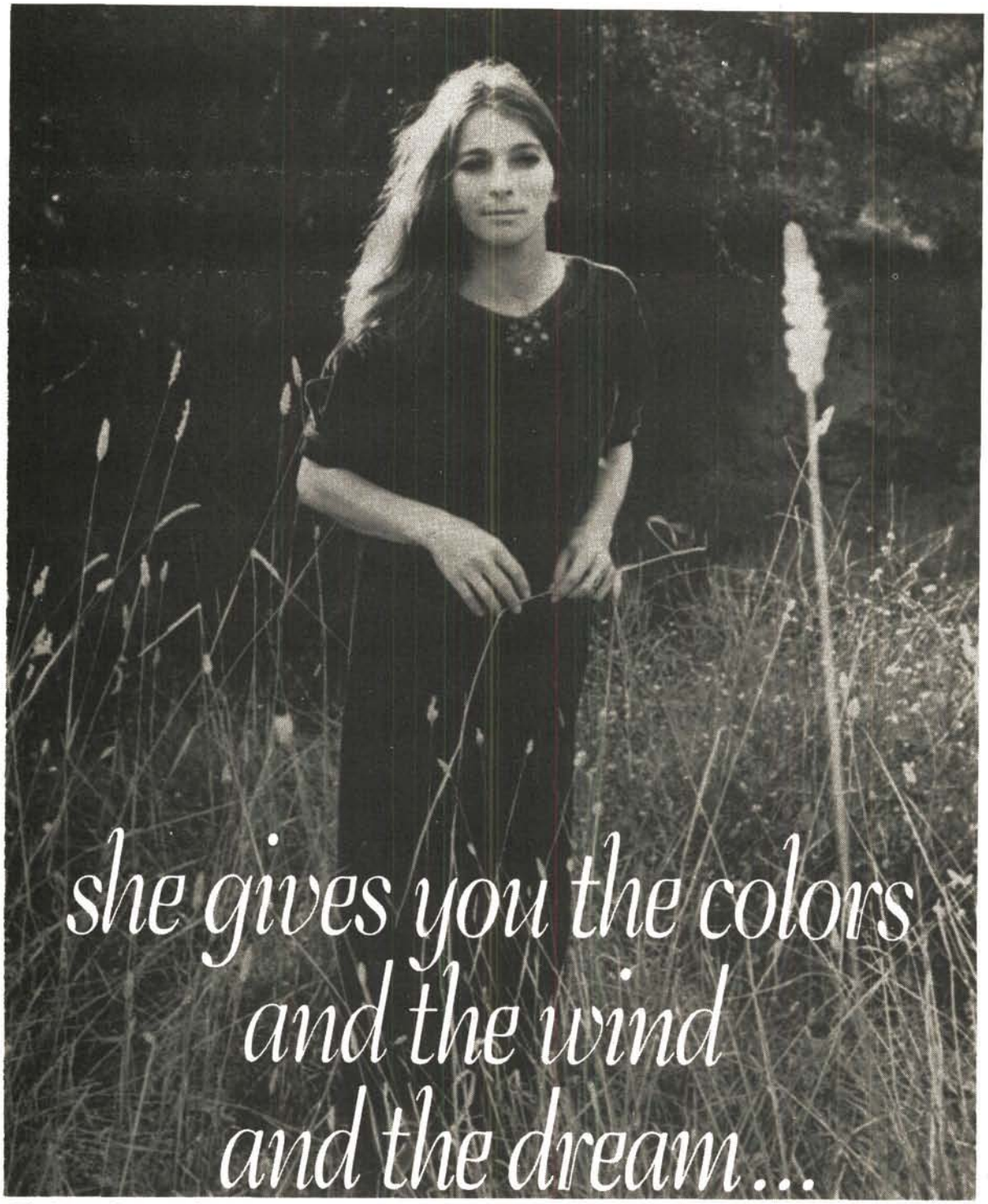

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T.R.B. from Washington

How About It, Mr. Rusk?

★ It is easy to imagine the scene in the high-ceilinged Senate caucus room had Dean Rusk accepted the Foreign Relations Committee's invitation to another public discussion of our policy in Southeast Asia.

There would have been some "badgering" from Fulbright, Morse and Clark. That's the word Rusk's defenders have been using to describe the hostile questions the Secretary of State avoided by declining at long last and then rushing off to a NATO conference in Brussels.

Gore and Church might have sounded more judicious, but their questions would have had a bite, too. And Symington, who no longer thinks the hawks could win even if all bombing restrictions were abandoned, might have worried aloud about the high cost of the war and our overcommitment around the world. Aiken is a kindly man with a twinkle in his eye, but his innocent-sounding questions might have been the most devastating of all.

Some of the Administration supporters might hurt more than they helped. Russell Long could have been counted on for a ranting, flag-waving display embarrassing to an Administration that wants to look restrained and humanitarian.

Rusk may have been smart to stall and finally reject the invitation, in the short-run.

But looking at it another way, Rusk might have done the Administration some good by putting himself on the stand. He was a powerful witness when he last went before the committee in public session on Vietnam. Even his critics in the Department recall that day in February 1966 as his finest performance. His firm repetition of those lines about honoring commitments and leaving neighbors alone seemed to inspire confidence and credibility, for a while.

There's another reason we think Rusk made a mistake in turning the committee down. This country has an explosive smell lately; Rusk may have contributed to that explosiveness. Talk to some college students and you soon find that they are coming close to turning their backs on a government that keeps moving step by step into a deeper Asian land war but with each step says success at last is in sight.

An associate quotes Rusk as telling a small group of officials that anti-Vietnam sentiment on the campuses is really negligible if you don't count Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and a few other big Eastern schools. But another colleague had just returned from the Middle West and reported that there was a lot of anti-Vietnam talk at the University of Kansas, too. A peaceful, nondissenting campus is the exception.

We thought President Johnson was not very persuasive when he told the AFL-CIO at Miami Beach that he only wished that "those who bewail war would bring me that one workable solution to end war." And we didn't think he explained much in that press conference, when he said the United States was protecting South Vietnam the way a man would protect a little baby from a big bully that was stomping it. Those are the sort of "explanations," half-truths and fake optimism that lead some students to think their only recourse is to blockade the man from Dow Chemical in a classroom or stage a mob scene at draft headquarters.

If Rusk should reconsider, we have been thinking of some questions we would like to hear asked and answered:

What are those vital US interests at stake in the war? Are they the tin and rubber that President Eisenhower used to talk about or are they the system of treaties the US has with other countries?

How does it create world confidence in our other commitments to have the US get so bogged down that American citizens have begun promising themselves that there must not be any more Vietnams?

A lot has been said about the catastrophe if we pull out of Vietnam. Well, what will be the favorable results if we stay in and "win"?

If those billion Chinese armed with nuclear weapons are the real threat, how does it teach them a lesson to crush North Vietnam and wipe out the Viet Cong?

What are the concessions, and what are they worth, that the US is giving Asian nations, especially South Korea, in return for their troop contributions?

What exactly are we doing in Thailand, and how does our assistance there differ from the early stages of our aid to Vietnam?

How many advisers have we sent to Burma to defend the dictator Ne Win, and what's their mission?

What's the best estimate of Cambodia's assistance, if any, to the Viet Cong, and what could be done about it?

What would be the political and strategic implications of a US land invasion of North Vietnam?

What about the new program the National Liberation Front announced last September? Isn't its proposal for a "government of national union" in South Vietnam, with gradual reunification of North and South put off until the future, a possible formula for a settlement?

What would be the harm if those NLF representatives wanted to come to the United Nations for publicity rather than diplomatic purposes? Didn't the Algerian NLF send people to the UN 10 years ago for the same purpose and with good results?

Finally, is there any truth to reports that word about the NLF request about visas was deliberately leaked to two newspaper correspondents by a State Department official? And had there been a warning from the NLF that the move would be dropped if there were any publicity about it? If so, was there a deliberate effort to sabotage the NLF's tentative plan to send representatives to the UN?

These are some of the questions that are cause for worry, when the Goldberg and McNamara resignations give an impression that the President is clearing the decks for tougher action.

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Some Olive Branch!

The President has taken to blaming his critics for the fact that the war doesn't end: *they* have not told him how to do it. He varies this complaint with the suggestion that if the doubters and dissenters do have any proposals, they should send them to Ho Chi Minh, for Lord knows, it is not Lyndon Johnson who keeps this awful fight going, but the man in Hanoi.

This is moonshine. There is no peace and no early prospect of peace because the President is fanatically determined that "our" Vietnamese and not "their" Vietnamese shall govern in South Vietnam. The calm calculation of national interest, the finer calculation of what this war costs in human suffering – that is to say, reason and compassion – are shoved aside. In search of "victory," the President has sent more US troops to Vietnam than there were in Korea at the height of that war. He has ordered the dropping of more tons of bombs on one corner of Asia than fell on Europe during World War II. Yet the President insists he is for peace. Of course he is, if he can have it on his own terms. But only the simple-minded, and Ho Chi Minh is not that, could take seriously Mr. Johnson's pained account to the AFL-CIO of Hanoi's having spurned his "olive branch" last March (an offer to talk "in a secure setting, away from the blare of publicity"). For in that same speech the President made plain that he means "to hold the line that we've drawn against aggression," that he will devote his "days and my nights to supporting and to supplying half a million of the bravest men who ever wore the American uniform and who ever left these shores to fight to protect us." If that's an olive branch, it's a thorny one.

The most militant peace demonstrator does not question anyone's bravery. What is at issue is why bravery is being put to this test, in this way in that country. A photograph that appeared in newspapers all over the United States the week the President spoke to the labor leaders provided a poignant commentary. It showed three captured, almost naked Viet Cong, the youngest 13, eldest 17. The accompanying story struck a jubilant note: If the Viet Cong are recruiting *boys*, they must be scraping the bottom of the barrel. But as one US senator remarked in private, the story does not remind readers that day after day we are killing such "communist aggressors" as these.

The claim that our half-million fighting men are in Vietnam to "protect us" from *that* menace is too unbearably ludicrous to be believed. Nor is it. That is why the Secretary of State and the Vice Pres-

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ident have set forth a more formidable, if no more plausible rationale, for the war – the billion Chinese, who, though they are not fighting us in Vietnam, are nevertheless the enemy against whom we are defending ourselves, by proxy. If that is the true reason for our intervention, we are waging a form of preventive war, a possibility that Reinhold Niebuhr wrote of 15 years ago in his still highly relevant book, *The Irony of American History*. Dr. Niebuhr noted then that although a democracy cannot engage in an explicit preventive war, "military leadership can heighten crises to the point where war becomes unavoidable." He observed that, "The power of such a temptation to a nation, long accustomed to expanding possibilities and only recently subjected to frustration, is enhanced by the spiritual aberrations which arise in a situation of intense enmity. The certainty of the foes' continued intransigence seems to be the only fixed fact in an uncertain future. Nations find it even more difficult than individuals to preserve sanity when confronted with a resolute and unscrupulous foe. Hatred disturbs all residual serenity of spirit and vindictiveness muddies every pool of sanity." Even the sanest statesmen, he wrote, find it "convenient to conform their policies to the public temper of fear and hatred which the most vulgar of our politicians have generated or exploited. Our foreign policy is thus threatened with a kind of apoplectic rigidity and inflexibility. Constant proof is required that the foe is hated with sufficient vigor. Unfortunately the only persuasive proof seems to be the disavowal of precisely those discriminate judgments which are so necessary for an effective conflict with the evil, which we are supposed to abhor."

The capacity for harm of the "true believer," which is what Lyndon Johnson has become, stems not from wicked intent but from misguided and untempered idealism. For the naïve idealists, as Dr. Niebuhr pointed out, "are always so preoccupied with their virtues that they have no residual awareness of the common characteristics in all human foibles and frailties and could not bear to be reminded that there is a hidden kinship between the vices of even the most vicious and the virtues of even the most upright."

If it is not the billion Chinese who require us to keep fighting in Vietnam, we are asked to believe that the fate of democracy is what is at stake. The latest official Administration statement, December 8, repeats that rationale: all our government wants is for the Viet Cong to "accept constitutional processes." Are we meant to remain in Vietnam (years, decades?) until those processes *are* secure? This is worse than moonshine; it is the fallacy of believing the world can and should be molded in our image. It is as unrealistic and dangerous today as it was when President Andrew Johnson told Congress in 1868 that: ". . . with increased facilities for intercommunication between all portions of the earth, the principles of free government as embraced in our Constitution . . . would prove of sufficient strength and breadth to comprehend within their sphere and influence the civilized nations of the world." No, we do not want to be the masters of the world, merely in Niebuhr's words, "tutors of mankind in its pilgrimage to perfection."

But the world is an unruly classroom. And there are not a great many places where "constitutional processes" are widely respected, or can be made to take root by force. On the contrary, as events last week in Greece again showed, the norm is coup and countercoup. So long as these internal struggles for power are not the occasion for foreign military intervention, relatively few people get hurt. It's too late for that in Vietnam. We're in deep. But we aren't doomed to stay there. And the way out starts with the will to be out. If a quarter of the brain and will power absorbed by this war were put to the service of a hot pursuit of peace, we could all rest more easily this Christmas.

ADA's Options

Three options are open to the 140-member board of Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) when it meets to consider the candidacy of Sen. Eugene McCarthy early next year.

The first and most frequently discussed in print is an outright endorsement of McCarthy's candidacy, which is expected to have strong backing from some of ADA's leading figures – John Kenneth Galbraith, Joseph Rauh, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., to name three.

If ADA makes this choice, it cuts its ties with the past, endangers its 20-year alliance with a coterie of influential labor leaders but opens the door to hundreds of thousands of "grass-roots" liberals.

The second would be a local option resolution which would probably be combined with a new denunciation of the war and a welcome of Senator McCarthy's candidacy. By adopting local option, ADA's board would be freeing its chapters to work for Senator McCarthy's candidacy and would probably make it possible for such pro-Johnson figures on the board as the ILGWU's Gus Tyler and John Roche to live with ADA's strongly pro-McCarthy proclivities this year.

The third option, if it can be called an option at this point, would be to remain silent, a silence that would be deafening and, in effect, be the death knell for ADA.

For its first 21 years, ADA has operated on two levels – as a national sounding board for liberal programs through its 140-member board, which includes many of the liberal community's academic, labor and political "names," on the one hand; and as a grass-

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roots political organization with influence in such key states as Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts and New York where the machine mentality of the Democratic Party organization has caused liberals to seek a new outlet.

If the ADA board, sensing the mood of its constituents and the vast changes under way in the nation's politics, goes all the way with Senator McCarthy, its losses will be more sentimental than real. A few key board members will probably resign and take with them the $25,000 or so organized labor contributes to the annual budget of $250,000, not enough to cripple the organization.

But, at the same time, it would pump new life into its local operation, opening the way for ADA to become the umbrella organization of thousands and thousands of doorbell ringers looking for meaningful political action.

ADA's board may be influenced by McCarthy himself. In the last few days, his campaign has begun to accelerate with the selection of a campaign manager (Blair Clark) and a decision to encourage the Conference of Concerned Democrats to continue to organize in his behalf around the country. If the pace continues to accelerate in the weeks ahead, ADA may be taking itself out of the liberal "mainstream" if it fails to go all the way. Already, ADA's campus affiliate – Campus ADA – has endorsed McCarthy. It remains to be seen if their elders will take the cue and make themselves equally relevant to the politics of the next decade.

Congressional Record

America's advance was checked this year by a Republican army of wooden soldiers in Congress. That was the President's story last week. There is some truth in it. The Republican gain of 47 seats in the 1966 elections didn't help to modernize the Congress. What Mr. Johnson did not say, however, was that in the face of this challenge the Democratic leadership in the House of Representatives crumbled, or that the biggest boulder in the creek was Wilbur Mills, the all-powerful Democratic chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. Mills demanded a big cut in government spending as the price of the tax increase the President wanted. The Administration agreed to the cuts and then didn't get the tax increase.

But what caused progress to halt goes even deeper. This is not only the richest country in terms of income per head, but is growing richer much faster than any other country. The Democrats found the secret of growth. Between 1948 and 1953 real output per head grew 3.2 percent per annum. Between 1960 and 1966 the rate was 3.5 percent. Next year at the lowest estimate the rate of real growth will be 3.1 percent. In the Republican years between 1953 and 1960, growth was a miserable .7 of one percent. The trouble is that Democrats don't seem to know how best to use this increase, and Democrats and Republicans alike seem abysmally ignorant about the poverty that nonetheless still afflicts millions of Americans. For instance, last week members of the Arlington County Board, in Virginia, were surprised to learn that a mother's wages can be deducted from her welfare payments, leaving her with no more money per month, after working, than she would have if she stayed home. One member called it "a horrible example of the problems of limits on welfare programs." He shouldn't have been surprised. His ignorance is shared by many.

Congress did vote a 13 percent increase in Social Security benefits in this session, which may help beneficiaries keep pace with the rising cost of living. But most people pay a lot for the benefits they get. Thus, a married man earning $5,000 a year and with four children now pays a social security tax of 3.9 percent of his income. A bachelor earning $50,000 a year pays .5 percent of his income. In short, the Social Security tax is highly regressive. Yet the legislators spent a lot of their valuable time calculating that if they granted elderly citizens income tax reductions for medical and drug expenses, this would cost the federal government $110 million in 1968. Congress authorized $549 million to be spent over three years, for health services and health planning. But what does that amount to when health costs are rocketing? The average yearly medical expenses of an individual will rise by 140 percent by 1975. In the same period, hospital costs will rise 250 percent, dental care 100 percent, drug prices 65 percent and the doctor's fees 160 percent. Overcrowded hospitals with obsolete facilities are already a major problem. The Public Health Service reports that more than one-third of all the hospital accommodations in the country are unsatisfactory. Putting this right would cost $6 billion. In September, Congress refused even $58 million for that.

All this year, the legislators have been grudging about money for domestic programs, yet eagerly voted $32 billion for the Vietnam war. They took the view that a $76.3 billion defense budget doesn't leave much room for much else. Still, as Senator Proxmire and others suggested, if there have to be cuts why can't they be in space, supersonic transport, or European troop commitments? Walter Heller, the former economic adviser to the White House, supplied the sad but correct answer. He pointed out recently that most senators and representatives prefer to slow down programs that appear to have little political muscle – the war on poverty, urban rot and degradation. "Yet," says Heller, "these are just the programs where the

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real battle for American democracy will be won or lost." On October 26, Congress appropriated $4.6-billion for the space agency – more than President Johnson had agreed to accept. The same day, it voted $10 million for rent supplements, and $312 million for model cities. Mr. Johnson had asked for $40 million and $662 million respectively. The $115.7 million authorized for the Peace Corps was $3 million below the Administration's request. But Congress authorized $2.3 *billion* for construction at military bases at home and abroad. The mood was so warlike that when the President became angered by congressional attempts to chop out a whole third from his already austere foreign aid program, the argument he used in defense of foreign aid was also based on war. "When . . . wars spring up and we have to go in, we will spend much more than we would have if we had taken an ounce of prevention." Never before was American help to the rest of the world defended on such grounds.

In the same spirit, Congress and the military chiefs clamored for and finally got a $5 billion missile defense program, ostensibly against China. Yet two senior staff members of the Rand Corporation told the Joint Atomic Energy Committee that China is "entirely defensive" toward the United States, and that a "thin" ABM system is regarded by Russia as "merely the first step in a more extensive deployment aimed at the Soviet Union, which the China rationale simply serves to camouflage."

With all that heavy war talk and war spending, Sargent Shriver expressed humble gratification over getting a poverty bill at all, and hailed it as a legislative miracle. Perhaps it was. Neverthless, the country's grave domestic problems are not going to be overcome without spending vast sums which the country *has* to be able to afford, even at the cost of contracting out of foreign wars, and fast trips to the moon. It is nice to know that some poor people will continue getting rent supplements to keep them out of public housing. But in the first 16 months of the rent supplement program, only 38 housing units were built because of it. The Federal Housing Agency said that rent supplements would produce 40,000 units a year. Back in 1962, FHA said that its other program, of low-interest loans, would produce 60,000 dwelling units per year. In six years, only 40,000 have been produced. This is the same FHA that spent many millions of dollars and successfully helped to create suburban home ownership for middle-class (white) Americans. Senator Edward Kennedy is surely right when he accuses Congress, and by implication the Administration, of being "more interested in finding some magic wand to make riots disappear than in undertaking the massive efforts necessary to remove the roots from which disorders grow."

The McCarthy Style

It may take some time for a public that has been housebroken by TV commercials to get used to the style of Senator Eugene McCarthy. The senator put on a performance on television on Sunday, December 10, on the CBS program, *Face the Nation*, and it was very casual, very stylish. He makes no concessions to popular taste. He is not even the faint outline of a demagogue or a soap salesman.

McCarthy was interviewed by three correspondents – Martin Agronsky and Roger Mudd of CBS News, and Alan L. Otten of the *Wall Street Journal*. His answers to their questions were so low-key as to create the impression that he was laconic and they did most of the talking. This was pure illusion, the transcript of the broadcast makes clear. But it was startling to compare the performance, an hour later, of the Vice President on ABC's *Issues and Answers*. Mr. Humphrey overwhelmed his interrogators, Joseph C. Harsch and John Scali. As he said, accurately, at one point, "Whatever you may say about me, I have not been known for my silence." The Vice President is far from a gabby fool; nevertheless, the broadcast gave an unfortunate impression of a Niagara of overstrenuous affirmatives; for instance, "We have done more in this Administration . . . than in any comparable period of human history."

By contrast, the other man from Minnesota constantly underplayed his lines. After Otten suggested Humphrey might be "the Administration's big gun against you in the different primary states," McCarthy replied: "If he is the designated spokesman, why, I would welcome it. I would be glad to have him speaking for the President if this is the way the President wants it. . . . But, as you know, on some other issues the Vice President has spoken out for the President only to have the President or someone else in the Administration two or three days later say, 'Well, this is really not the President speaking'." Everyone knew that a few days earlier, on December 4, Humphrey had suggested there might be negotiations with "non-communist" members of the Viet Cong, only to have the State Department announce the following noon that no such negotiations were contemplated.

McCarthy can be sharp as well as bland. He was sharp about poor John Bailey. Asked about "the decline and fall of John Bailey," McCarthy replied simply: "John Bailey didn't really decline or fall, he started so low that couldn't happen to him." But McCarthy was most interesting about President Johnson. Asked, "How would you characterize him as a President?" he replied, "Well, I don't think he quite read, really, what this nation is, and I don't think he properly conceived its role in the world." He had

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said a few seconds before that the country had to be run like a major ship of the line, not like a speedboat. These remarks, quietly delivered, recall the Thurber cartoon, entitled *"Touché."* It shows a duelist apparently unscathed until he slightly shakes his head, whereupon it falls off. McCarthy's strokes seem mild, but cut deep. He never telegraphs them. But they're well worth watching out for.

Bar Hershey

Lewis Hershey has never been much for innovation. This year he fought to keep intact the 4,084 independent local draft boards on the grounds that people in the community are the best judges of who is best able to make the sacrifice of military service. He did not like the idea of machines randomly selecting draftees, as President Johnson and his new-fangled draft commission wanted to do. His view prevailed, and the lottery was ruled out. Except for a brief period during the Second World War when it was brought under the War Manpower Commission, his Selective Service System has always been responsible to the President alone. Hershey does not have to take orders from the Justice Department and certainly not from speech-making Supreme Court Justices, university presidents, or cabinet members. (Justice Fortas, Yale President Kingman Brewster, and Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz have all criticized Hershey publicly.)

The General's immense power does not reside in his office; for local boards are independent of the Selective Service Director in many of the same ways General Hershey is independent of everyone. The Universal Military Training and Service Act gives boards wide latitude to draft whom they wish and for their own reasons. Hershey insists that some of his memos to local boards have no more force of law than they would if he were just Lew Hershey, private citizen. In fact, his recommendations are followed out of 27 years' habit.

General Hershey's letter to draft boards urging them to call up anti-Vietnam demonstrators gave formal sanction to what had been the policy of some boards more than two years ago, with the stated blessing of Hershey. When 30 University of Michigan students sat in at the Ann Arbor Selective Service office on October 15, 1965, Col. Arthur Holmes, director of the SS in Michigan, called in their registrant files and returned them to their respective boards with a report of the incident and his opinion that the students had violated the "penalty" provision of the Universal Military Training and Service Act, which prohibits interfering "in any way" with the administration of the draft. Violators, he had decided, could be drafted as delinquents. General Hershey approved that reading of the law in 1965, but a US Appeals Court did not. Hershey now wants to revive the practice and make it general. It is an innovation he should have resisted, as he has most all the others, for it may prove to be his undoing.

The Administration has tried to save Hershey's pride, while scuttling his policy. A joint statement was issued last week by Ramsey Clark and General Hershey, reserving to the Justice Department (not draft boards) prosecution of allegedly illegal disruptions of the draft and military recruitment. It promised that "lawful exercise or rights of free expression and peaceful assembly" would not be penalized. It reaffirmed the Selective Service practice of first priority drafting of true delinquents – persons who fail to register, who don't show up for required physicals, etc.

But the General, now 74, seems not to have understood what he was cosigning. As soon as he found out what he had said, he overruled himself, stating that he would still consider young men who interfere with the draft and military recruitment processes as delinquents under the law, subject to immediate induction into the army. Thereupon, an angry Senator Edward Kennedy last Wednesday, submitted to the Senate an amendment to the draft law, making it clear that delinquent behavior does not include peaceful protest. And the National Student Association, through a high-powered team of civil liberties lawyers, last Thursday filed suit in Federal District Court in Washington, D. C., to bar draft boards from implementing General Hershey's "suggestions."

Lucky Bird

Brunswick, Maine

Sitting in his living room one evening, John Cole, editor of the local *Times-Record*, overheard his sons in the kitchen discussing the cancellation of a speech that was to have been delivered in the Brunswick high school. He learned that the student council, with the approval of the principal, had invited the Rev. Henry L. Bird to speak at their next assembly. Bird, assistant pastor of the town's Episcopal Church, had participated in peace vigils and was known as a moderate dove; he had never advocated violence, draft-card burning or any unlawful act.

Many of the high school students were still reeling from a pro-war speech they had been required to attend earlier in the year, a speech which implied that dissenters were unpatriotic, if not pinkoes and commies; and last spring they had been force-fed the Navy's "A Day in Vietnam." So why not a speaker from the other side? Bird accepted, but about a week before the

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day of the speech the school authorities reneged. Suspecting outside pressure, Editor Cole dug into the story and this is what he found.

Everything was all set, when the president of the student council received word from the high school principal, Jess DeLois, that he would have to cancel Bird's speech. The superintendent of the Brunswick school system, Mario Tonon, had so ordered. DeLois was sorry; Andy Geoghegan, student council president, was sorry; Rev. Bird was sorry – he called the cancellation "an unfortunate way of working with youngsters" – but he accepted the ruling.

Editor Cole did not. Why, he asked, had Superintendent Tonon, known as an excellent administrator and a defender of academic freedom, stepped in and scratched the Rev. Mr. Bird? Because, it developed, Tonon had received a telephone call from the commander of the Brunswick Naval Air Station, Capt. Charles Wyman, protesting the forthcoming speech. The Naval Air Station is Brunswick's biggest industry and its commanding officer could no more address Tonon as a simple parent – Capt. Wyman has a son in the high school – than Lyndon Johnson could pass as merely the father of the bride.

The Captain wanted it understood that he didn't object to free speech, and he had never met Bird, but, according to the *Times-Record*, he had been told that Bird was a "radical and a rabble rouser. . . . We can't have people going in there and telling these kids to break the law. We have to get somebody up there with the right patriotic slant."

Not content with, as he thought, ousting the Rev. Mr. Bird from the high school rostrum, Captain Wyman compounded his indiscretion by going to the *Times-Record* building and asking them to kill the story. His visit was a piece of luck; it made publication inevitable. Denied this act of public service, the editorial staff would have resigned in a body. The results of publication were equally inevitable, equally purifying. That a military man would attempt to muzzle a civilian, and above all a civilian as respected and dedicated as the Rev. Mr. Bird, made the town boil – the town, after all, where *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had been written.

Scarcely was the ink dry on this front-page story than the school board met and reversed Superintendent Tonon's decision; he refused to withdraw it. Two days later the Rev. Mr. Bird delivered a deeply-felt, well-reasoned and therefore extremely effective critique of the war in Vietnam. Although attendance was voluntary – at the previous pro-war speech it had been obligatory – more than a thousand students packed the hall. Never had an antiwar speech drawn half as many listeners in Brunswick, nor more attentive ones.

David Graham

Why Nasser Is No Longer a Free Agent

London

This month Britain and Egypt are resuming diplomatic relations. Sir Harold Beeley is to be British Ambassador in Cairo, for the second time in his diplomatic career. Sir Harold, the leading "Arabist" in the Foreign Office although he does not speak Arabic, was Ernest Bevin's private secretary all during the time of the conflict with the Zionists that led to Britain's withdrawal from Palestine. The new Egyptian Ambassador in London is to be Hassan El-Ficky, a deputy foreign minister, known as a "hawk" and one of President Nasser's advisers who favor an early resumption of the war against Israel. There is some hope in London that its atmosphere may mellow him.

But can President Nasser afford to mellow? In an Anglo-Russian discussion the other day the question was asked what would happen in Egypt if President Nasser were to fall. The Russian answer was short and to the point: *We'll see to it that he won't.* Egypt is too important a strong-point in the Soviet plan to gain control of the Mediterranean to be abandoned lightly.

The Russians have sent their most plausible Ambassador, Sergei Vinogradov, to Cairo. "Vino" was Ambassador in Paris for many years and never failed to visit General de Gaulle during his retirement. There are 3,000 Russian "technical" advisers serving in the Egyptian Army now, and it is an open secret that a Russian crew shot down the Israeli plane lost over Suez the other week. Soviet warships are now on permanent station in Alexandria, and Port Said and a Soviet bomber squadron has just made its appearance on a "goodwill mission." For how long nobody can tell. Next February Leonid Breshnev, now the all-powerful leader of the Soviet government and Communist Party, is to visit Cairo for the first time.

Egypt is undergoing one more change. Until the June war against Israel the country was run by the army, by officers who obtained power in the civilian and economic administration of the country and enjoyed the affluence flowing from it. Defeat destroyed the hold of the army over the country. President Nasser was alone. It is known that the Soviet leaders who visited Cairo after the defeat, President Podgorny and Chief of Staff Marshal Zakharov, made reform of the army, its withdrawal from the administration and the dismissal of all officers not trusted by the Soviet network in Egypt a condition of further aid. President

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Nasser had no other option but to accept the terms.

Now President Nasser's "Egypt of the Colonels" is being changed into a vaguely "Socialist Republic"; Nasser's single party, the "Arab Socialist Union" is being turned from a somnolent organization of friends of officers into a mass party. This is vital for there is another mass party active in Egypt, officially illegal but uneasily tolerated now, the extremist "Moslem Brotherhood" devoted to a fighting creed of Islam. Some years ago 12 of its members were hanged for having planned President Nasser's assassination.

President Nasser is not as strong and respected as he was before the attack on Israel. But without him no peaceful change in Egypt, no adjustment, even to the requirements of Soviet forward policy in the Mediterranean is possible. He has a broad back and a supple, if now tired and dispirited mind and he is the only Arab leader who responds adequately to the changes of mood of the populace. At the Khartoum conference last summer he hinted at a "political solution" of the Arab-Israeli conflict and was hailed as a moderate, thus obtaining the financial aid from Saudi Arabia, Libya and others he desperately needed. Significantly, these countries have quietly increased their subsidies following devaluation of sterling. Last month, when the mood of the populace had changed Nasser talked again about war against Israel.

Egypt's economy is strained to the utmost. Perforce, austerity had to be introduced in the towns, and in the countryside the peasants are going short of salt, sugar and kerosene. Egypt owes hundreds of millions to the World Bank. She cannot pay for the wheat she needs and now Russia has agreed to supply 100,000 tons. It is difficult to sell cotton and many peasants are growing rice instead, since they can eat that if the state organization cannot sell the cotton. A heavy-handed and ponderous bureaucracy remains as unchanged as the peasants themselves. So President Nasser is getting more and more dependent on Russia. But the fundamental weakness of the Soviet Union is that she cannot supply money to buy things in the "Free World," only arms and goods she can spare.

Thus Nasser has to turn to France, Britain, and, later, if he is still there, to the US. This is his dilemma: he cannot abandon the war against Israel for fear of being swept away by a populace fed by the resentments of self-inflicted defeat and hatred of the West nurtured by years of vicious propaganda. This is why he hinted in his last speech that he would turn against the British in the Persian Gulf once more and pledged himself to keep the Suez Canal closed until Israel had withdrawn everywhere, completely; this, although he knows that the Canal is more vital for him than for Britain. Again, the reorganized army, resentful of him, wants to redeem its prestige by a new round with Israel, and only thus can he himself regain his prestige as the great and unique Leader Of All Arabs.

President Nasser is therefore in a far worse position than would appear at first sight. He has to prepare for war against Israel to retain the loyalty of the army. He has to conform with Soviet foreign policy so as to continue to get their support, and it is quite evident now that the Russians are out to establish secure bases in the Western as well as in the Eastern Mediterranean, at Mers-el-Kebir in Algeria, obligingly evacuated by the French, as well as in Port Said before they challenge the US Sixth Fleet. The Russians are therefore not in a hurry; their envoys and others talk of an Arab war against Israel in four or five years' time. Arab public opinion is basically as antagonistic toward Russia as toward the "West," perhaps more so. So President Nasser is turning to Britain to feel his way back to a position that would allow him more freedom of choice, more chances of getting trade and aid. But he is not a free agent, even at home. According to the latest reports his writ does not run any longer in the Suez Canal Zone. That important part of Egypt is now the bailiwick of Wing-Commander Aly Sabry, the governor, once Nasser's friend and now his rival standing well on the left.

LEO MURAY

"Something new has been added."

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India's Gigantic Effort At Modernization

Calcutta

India's average income is about $70 a year and the small-boned mother with the fake jewel in her left nostril who carries nine bricks on her head on a construction job gets three rupees a day, around 50 cents. She and her husband and her two brothers-in-law and their families are caught in economic scissors. One blade is recession, the other inflation. The cost-of-living index stood at 131 in January 1966; at 150 in January 1967 and the latest figure (November) is 171. That's a lot of misery for poor people.

If India went communist we'd have the equivalent of two Red Chinas. It probably won't; that's the conclusion of this reporter anyway, after going high and low across the country for three weeks. But it has an economic crisis, a political crisis and a constitutional crisis all at once.

India is two-thirds agricultural and has two terrible droughts running. (This year is fine.) It also has had three wars, two with Pakistan and one with China. That knocked quasi-socialistic planning into a cocked hat.

In her stunning little book, *India, India*, Lisa Hobbs, an Australian who traveled in China, writes of India with agony. The Chinese have suppressed freedoms, she notes, but for the masses in India what use is the freedom to go hungry? Chinese babies are plump and clothed, she argues; here they are bare and rickety. In China, bodily refuse is not left where it drops but is collected, weighed and used as fertilizer. No sacred cows tie up traffic in China, nor are mangy bitches allowed to whelp all over the place in deference to an exasperating regard for animal life. Gandhi cut the tie between caste and religion, but it is still knotted to custom and snobbery.

Come to the corner of downtown Chittaranjan and Ganesh Avenues at 7 a.m. It is a noisy, exciting, vibrant scene, the kind that brings millions of peasants into cities every year. Cars honk incessantly; double-deck buses snort past, crowded to the gunwales; trams screech and ring and crows caw in sooty palms. A rickshaw man in a bedsheet trots past with two women. Three men drag a barrow of sugar cane . . . men in rags, in pajamas, in loin cloths . . . "Drink Coca-Cola, Refreshes you best" . . . a bare-footed figure in a tablecloth strains at a three-wheeled truck, while its owner steers . . . a corner Esso filling station.

Under the "Stick No Bills" sign of the James Wright, Ltd. building, the Union Carbide workers' union prints its grievances: "This American Co. *has no courtesy* to acknowledge receipt of union letters/This company does not abide by the laws of the land/It compels the staff to perform duties any time 'round the clock/It encourages vulgarism with the provision of Dine & Dance through recreation club/It pays Globe Detective Agency Ltd. (allegedly a branch of CIA) for sabotaging the workers/Struggle for Just Demands."

Another placard says "American employers are branded here as bad employers. They indulge in Automation, Employment Freeze & Hire & Fire policies."

Hindi signs reprint the attack. The wall is festooned with assorted appeals and hammer and sickle. Beneath them a mummy-figure still sleeps, one of hundreds of thousands who use the sidewalks every night.

So it goes. The proprietor of a street booth starts the day by cleaning his pavement with the inevitable whisk; down the street a group of men wash at a long-handled municipal pump (I could put my fingers around their small ankles), and an old man irrigates a tree as unconcernedly as a dog.

Yet when all is said, India is making a gigantic effort at modernization, an effort that tugs the heart. Life expectancy has risen from 32 years to 50. There are half a billion here now and unless halted it will be a billion by AD 2000. Birth control is preached in every town. Propaganda is even found on match boxes. Government-encouraged husband sterilization is more prominent at the moment than the loop. Also, new miracle seed and fertilizers are bounding food production. Maybe, somehow, mouths will be fed.

India mortgaged its intellect to two leaders, Gandhi and Nehru, who channeled their legacy through the monolithic Congress Party. But now, after 20 years the public is bored with the party. In last February's general election it unexpectedly voted it out in six of 17 states, to be replaced by improbable coalitions of splinter parties called United Fronts, including communists. Ten months later the glue of these unstable United Fronts is coming unstuck like soaked plywood.

In turbulent Calcutta, in West Bengal, it looked for a while like riots and insurrection. Yet half a dozen prominent citizens tell me it would be preposterous to outlaw the communist party. That seems less naïve after examining the thing at firsthand. People are sick and tired of almost daily strikes, bus-burnings and disorders, they argue. The communists are disciplined and incorruptible. They are also a small minority and split angrily between Moscow and Mao. They made wild threats when the governor dismissed the United Front but so far haven't been able to do much more.

Five percent of Vietnam's cost would probably guarantee democracy in this shaky country, but of course you can't be sure.

RICHARD L. STROUT

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Vietnam: Those Computer Reports

On December 1 in Saigon, Robert W. Komer, chief of the US pacification program, announced that two-thirds of the people of South Vietnam now live in secure areas under South Vietnamese government control. The basis given for this statement is data analyzed by the new computerized Hamlet Evaluation System in the US Embassy in Saigon.

What comes out of the computer, of course, is only as good as the information which goes into it; and the Vietnam Hamlet Estimates fed into Komer's electronic gadget are neither accurate nor honest. The estimates of conditions in approximately 13,000 hamlets are made each month by US Army officers who are advisers to Vietnamese district chiefs. I estimate that 99 percent of the advisers have neither the language facility nor the knowledge of Vietnamese culture to know what is happening within their own districts. Those who have been to language school have learned only a smattering of Vietnamese; and, usually, it is the wrong dialect, because their Vietnamese language instructors mostly have been Northerners. They may impress visitors by rattling off "Hello," "Goodbye," "How are you?" to the peasants; but that's about the extent of their language skills.

It is from Vietnamese interpreters that the US Army advisers receive almost all their information about the hamlets. But the interpreters also are incompetent to evaluate village conditions. Not only is their first loyalty to the Vietnamese district chiefs – whose job is to make things "look good" – but also a large proportion of them are Northerners who speak a different dialect from the Southern peasants. Even if the peasants understand them, they are traditionally suspicious of Northerners and frequently do not give honest answers. An additional irony is that the interpreters usually do not speak enough English to understand or report adequately to the Americans who employ them. I have interviewed many interpreters (and recorded the dialogues so that others could check on me); a majority of them know only from 300 to 500 words of English.

Everything is against the evaluation techniques used by the Americans in Vietnam. For the Vietnamese to survive, he must tell the interrogator what he wants to hear. This is the best way of being left alone by the "outsiders" who have been criss-crossing the land for the last five generations. Such behavior has become part of Vietnamese life. It is impossible to know what is on a peasant's mind unless one can hear and understand him while he is gossiping as freely as he would with his family and neighbors. Naturally neither the US Army advisers, their interpreters, nor the current Saigon government, has this capability.

Recent television newsreels have shown US reporters – via interpreters – interviewing Vietnamese peasants. I have been watching these telecasts with a Vietnamese friend, a Southerner. He informs me that frequently the Vietnamese interpreter has not repeated the question exactly as the American interviewer has asked it; that the peasant has not responded to the question put by the interpreter; and that the interpreter has not repeated accurately in English what the peasant has said. It is through similar daisy chains of misinformation – only far worse – that Komer's computer is operating.

I have visited some of the so-called "secure villages." With the exception of a few rigged showcases reserved for the press and distinguished visitors, I found them not secure and their inhabitants not supporting the government. In the majority of villages, conditions are so precarious that at night the government's revolutionary development workers often flee to the safety of the district headquarters or to the nearest city. Often the village chief, if he has been appointed by Ky or was elected under a Ky-controlled election, also leaves the village at night. The villages appear secure only during the day, if there are South Vietnamese troops nearby. When the South Vietnamese or US troops are moved, members of the revolutionary development teams disappear. My own estimate is that this is true for about 70 percent of Vietnam.

The proof of pacification is in the sleeping. If and when Ambassador Komer and his colleagues, both Vietnamese and American, can stay in villages at night and sleep there undisturbed, then they will know that perhaps the village is nearing pacification. I predict that the ambassador and his friends, if they tried this today, would get precious little sleep – or security.

Another thing for Komer to chew on, when he announces progress in security and pacification, concerns food. The 2.5 million residents of the Saigon area now are eating rice grown in Louisiana and South Carolina, pork which has been brought in from Denmark, and frozen chicken and fish from the United States. Only a few years ago, Vietnam exported 800,000 tons of rice. In 1968, the United States will have to send in about 1.2 million tons of rice to stop a famine. The shortage is due to several factors, including the fear of the villagers which keeps them out of their fields much of the time and the fact that the Viet Cong appropriates much of the crop. While our troops were diverted from the rice areas by the battle

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at Dak To, the Viet Cong made off with two-thirds of the harvest of one entire valley region.

The "computer ruse" is one method offered by the government to talk the public into a false optimism. The other technique – which has been used in the past – is the "numbers game." Bunker, Komer, Westmoreland, Rostow and Company have told us how many South Vietnamese are under government control – about 12 million.

The 12 million figure is arrived at by adding together the approximately four million refugees and about one million Vietnamese, who directly or indirectly work for the United States; the approximately million more who are in the South Vietnamese Army, the National Police, and other paramilitary organizations; and the 2.4 million inhabitants of Saigon. This subtotal amounts to eight million, or 50 percent of the total population. This then is added to the four million living in areas where there are South Vietnamese and US troops. From the grand total comes the misleading conclusion that the government controls 70 percent of the population. It is spurious, for it evades the central question: "How many South Vietnamese *support* the government?" The four million refugees of various sorts have been thrown or bombed out of their homes. They do not support the government. They certainly do not support us. Quite the contrary. Conservatively, perhaps one-third of the South Vietnamese government is infiltrated by members of the National Liberation Front, or is sympathetic to the Front. One indication of this is that 8,000 to 10,000 South Vietnamese soldiers desert every month. Three-quarters of them take their weapons with them.

"After we're liberated, we'll be pacified."

One asks, "How then is the war continuing?" The answer is simple: the war is continuing because it is advantageous for the people in the Saigon government to have it continue. For example, the gold holdings of Vietnam (a nation in a major, total war) have increased in three years from $130 million to $450 million. This represents only the visible surplus and indicates tremendous under-the-table manipulation by the Vietnamese. Anyone wishing to explore this further should read the testimony of Rutherford Poats, deputy administrator of foreign aid, in the September 19, 1967 *Congressional Record.*

In addition to the visible increase in Saigon's gold reserve, approximately $18 billion, according to my Swiss and Chinese informants, has been sent to foreign banks by private Vietnamese individuals since 1956. Not so long ago, Madame Nhu purchased outright the second largest bank in Paris. For cash.

Why kill the US goose which lays golden eggs?

Ambassador Komer, who is in charge of pacification and whose integrity is respected by all who know him, finds himself in a difficult, perhaps untenable, position. First, he has accepted responsibility for a program which has been a failure since 1956. Second, the US military in Saigon resented his coming – after all, he is a civilian. The military has, with bureaucratic guile, blocked him while outwardly welcoming him, by such little tricks as seeing to it that Komer and his large staff had only one telephone in their offices for over three weeks. The military has all the physical assets. Komer gives commands but is dependent upon Westmoreland and AID to carry them out.

Meanwhile, Washington has been badgering Komer to supply the nation with good news. But he had no real successes to report. Instead, he has had some frightening failures. As measured by all but the computer, the battle of Dak To was an American failure and a great Viet Cong victory, in that it diverted rice from friend to foe – far more important than the capture of a hilltop. Komer is too valuable a man to become compromised and corrupted in this manner. In my opinion, he should report the truth; and if he does not have this freedom, then he should resign.

WILLIAM J. LEDERER

MR. LEDERER *wrote* The Ugly American *with Eugene Burdick and is the author of* A Nation of Sheep.

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Helping the Children

by James C. Vadakin

In "Do We Want Children's Allowances?" (*The New Republic*, November 25, 1967), James Tobin sets forth what he considers persuasive arguments against the adoption of a children's allowances program in the United States. He concludes that "though the label is appealing, 'children's allowances' are not a promising way of providing the new system of income supplementation that America urgently needs."

Professor Tobin begins by stating that the labels attached to alternative income maintenance proposals – guaranteed income, negative income tax, family allowances, children's allowances – are "frequently more confusing than descriptive" and that "they conceal rather than illuminate the real issues involved." I would not quarrel with this observation. But then he says that "any program of the genre under consideration involves two elements." These he describes as (1) a guarantee which the government pays to a family with no income or resources of its own, such guarantee varying with the size and composition of the family; and (2) an "offsetting tax" against any income that the family might earn, which offset has the effect of determining how the government's net payment to the family decreases as the family's income rises. Here, Professor Tobin is adding to the confusion that he deplores.

As between family allowances and children's allowances, there is no distinction except in name. However, to lump family (children's) allowances together with the negative income tax and guaranteed income plans as being of the same "genre" is both erroneous and misleading.

This can be demonstrated by a brief description of the Canadian family allowance program which has been in operation since 1945. Under the Canadian system, payments are made on behalf of all children, regardless of the income or employment status of their parents, according to the following scale: under 10 years of age, $6 per month; ages 10 through 15 years, $8 per month; and ages 16 through 17 years, $10 per month. The program is supported from the general tax revenues of the federal government. Payments are almost always made to the mother, and it is expected that they will be spent in such a manner as to benefit the children. Studies have shown that the payments have improved child welfare, and the number of instances of misuse of the allowance payments by parents has been infinitesimal. The only condition for receipt of benefits is that the child must be in regular school attendance. This stipulation is designed to reduce the school "dropout" rate, particularly among teen-agers. For youths aged 16 and 17, enrollment in vocational training fulfills this eligibility condition provided the course of instruction constitutes sound preparation for entering the labor market.

As can be readily observed, Professor Tobin's "two elements," while they do characterize the negative income tax and income guarantee plans, are not both present in the Canadian program. The same can be said for the preponderance of other nations' systems. Presumably, the allowance rate could be likened to the first element (the guarantee), although the allowance is not a basic amount paid to families with no income but to all families with children regardless of income. The second element (the offsetting tax) is not present

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at all. With very few exceptions, other countries do not reduce or eliminate allowances payments as income increases.

Aside from these mechanical distinctions, there are also fundamental philosophical considerations which make family allowances a different "genre." Income guarantee and negative income tax proposals would presume to raise *all* persons above some arbitrary "poverty line" or other standard. Depending upon whose proposal is considered (Friedman, Lampman, Tobin, Schwartz, Theobald, or others), these plans would supplant either some or all existing income maintenance measures; *e.g.* old-age and survivors' insurance, medicare, old-age assistance, aid to families with dependent children, aid to the needy blind, general assistance, unemployment insurance, and minimum wages. In other words, instead of improving existing measures (and there is no argument that they need improvement), it is proposed that we abandon these programs in favor of a single and untried approach to the complex problem of poverty.

On the other hand, the idea behind family allowances is to improve the socio-economic status of *children* by correcting, in some measure, the imbalance between family income and family need. As a family grows in size, its needs increase; and unless its income increases commensurately, the welfare of the children will be impaired. Statistics indicate that such an increase in income does not occur. Indeed, the larger the family, the smaller its income is likely to be. The effects of this inverse relationship are deplorable. Thus, contrary to negative income tax and guaranteed income plans, family allowances are meant to improve child welfare and not as a cure for all poverty. Family allowances advocates would rely upon a manifold approach for this latter purpose. This would include measures aimed at ensuring full employment, manpower and training programs, and the strengthening and complementing – rather than the supplanting – of present income maintenance programs.

Having arranged his stage, Professor Tobin sets forth four alternative plans which he undertakes to evaluate in terms of their relative efficacy. Plan A provides a basic guarantee of $800 for each adult and $500 for each child (which declines beginning with the third child), combined with a 50 percent offsetting tax on income. The guarantee would cease when income reached twice the amount of the guarantee. While differing in the amount of the guarantee and in the offset percentage from an earlier proposal which he made, this is presumably the alternative which he favors.

Plans B and C appear to be little more than "straw men" which Professor Tobin has no difficulty in demolishing. Plan B would pay the same basic guarantees as Plan A, but would feature a 100 percent offsetting tax on income. Certainly this plan would find few supporters since, as Professor Tobin states, it would incorporate the same shortcoming, that of discouraging incentive, which is found in many of our present welfare programs.

Plan C is a family allowances program with no offsetting tax on income but which would pay $1,200 per year for the first child and smaller amounts for successive children. Professor Tobin is critical of this plan because of its likely effect on the birth rate and its huge cost ($37 billion per year). Responsible family allowances advocates have not, and would not, suggest any such plan, for the reasons he advances.

Plan D is a more conventional type of family allowances program which would pay $150 per year for each child. This is not unlike the proposal of TRB in this journal, or that of Daniel Patrick Moynihan who would provide $8 per month for each child under age six and $12 per month for children between the ages of six and 17 years. It is also similar to a program designed by this writer which was prepared in bill form at the request of Rep. John Conyers Jr. (D, Mich.) who introduced it in the House of Representatives on October 9, 1967 (HR 13358). This plan would pay $10 per month for each child under the age of 18 years and would be along the lines of the Canadian system in most respects.

Professor Tobin criticizes Plan D and that of Moynihan on the grounds that the amounts are inadequate to meet the needs of poor families with children, and that the proposal "is no substitute at all for other programs of public assistance, existing or proposed." Here the reader is faced with arguments which carry no weight when considered in proper perspective. Family allowances programs are not intended to meet the *whole* of children's needs but to assist parents in this respect; and as pointed out above, they are not meant as a substitute for other programs of public assistance. The same observation applies to Professor Tobin's criticism of both Plans C and D on the grounds that they do not pay benefits to persons other than children. "And what is wrong," he asks, "with assisting childless adults?" The reply of family allowances advocates would be that nothing is wrong with such an undertaking, but not under a family or children's allowances program. It will not do to set forth as a goal the elimination of poverty among all persons as being an objective of family allowances, which it is not, and then to criticize such a program because it fails to achieve such a result. Nor do advocates of family allowances "feel that it is politically expedient to make concessions to the Puritan ethic that balks at assistance to able-bodied adults," as Tobin suggests.

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Finally, Professor Tobin rejects Plans C and D, and presumably existing programs in other countries, on the grounds that the allowances would be received by rich and poor families alike. This is quite true. However, in universal (as opposed to employment-related) plans under which the payments are financed from progressive tax revenues and under which allowances are treated as taxable income (as in Canada), the result is that low-income families with children who pay no income taxes net the full amount of the allowances, those in middle-income groups receive a net benefit or not, depending upon the number of children and the family's income tax bracket, and those in higher-income groups pay more in taxes in support of the program than they receive in allowances. Under the Conyers bill, the allowances payments would total $8.6 billion per year, but this would be offset by $1.3 billion recovered through income taxes. Undoubtedly, some "leakage" does occur under a conventional family allowances program. But this is one of the prices of having a system without a means test, which in itself is a much desired object. And it is a price which other countries far less affluent than our own have been willing to pay.

Using the Social Security Administration's Poverty Index, Mollie Orshansky calculated that 34.5 million Americans were living in poverty in 1963. Of these, 14.9 million, or very close to one-half of the total, were children. If the City Worker's Family Budget compiled by the Department of Labor, which reflects the costs of a "modest but adequate" level of living, is used as a criterion (after making appropriate adjustments for family size and place of residence), it is found that an additional 19.2 million children live in families whose incomes in 1965 were above the poverty line but still below that required for a "modest but adequate" mode of existence. Adding these children (most of whom would not be aided by negative income tax and guaranteed income plans) to those children living in outright poverty, it can be seen that almost exactly one-half of our child population lacks essential goods and services necessary for an acceptable level of living, with the percentages being much higher in the case of larger families. One needs only to contrast this situation with the fact that as few as three million children receive benefits under the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program.

Other studies further emphasize the substandard conditions of many of our nation's younger generation. The President's Task Force on Manpower Conservation reported in 1964 that if all young men turning age 18 in a given year were to be examined for military service, one-third would be rejected, one-half of these for medical reasons and the balance for failure to pass the mental test (equivalent to a fifth-

James Tobin Comments

I welcome Professor Vadakin's comment, because I think it reinforces my main point. Professor Vadakin agrees that children's allowances are not to be regarded as a significant measure toward the elimination of poverty. If they were big enough to make a serious dent in the income deficiencies of the poor, they would be subject to objections which Professor Vadakin finds as decisive as I did. He nevertheless favors a modest $7.3-billion program of children's allowances. His program has merit, and I would have no real objection to it – provided that everyone understands that it does not significantly diminish the need for a much more costly and comprehensive reform of public assistance. In present circumstances, however, I cannot agree that if $7 billion more were available for public assistance (roughly doubling the amount now spent by all levels of government), this would be the highest priority item.

Maybe my attempt to describe a common structure – allowance schedule and offsetting tax – in various proposals, including children's allowances, was not felicitous. But my article did, of course, recognize that children's allowances are typically subject to an offsetting tax of zero, or just to regular income tax rates. That is why they are so costly per dollar of need met.

With regard to my own ideas for reform of income assistance, Professor Vadakin fears that "instead of improving existing measures . . . it is proposed that we abandon these programs in favor of a single and untried approach to the complex problem of poverty." Not true. Of the existing measures Professor Vadakin lists, only old-age assistance, aid to dependent children, and general assistance are programs that I would wish to supplant with a "negative income tax" program of the type illustrated in Plan A in my *New Republic* article. Readers interested in details of that proposal are referred to "Is a Negative Income Tax Practical?" (with Joseph A. Pechman, and Peter Mieszkowski), *Yale Law Journal*, November 1967. (I am not an enthusiast for minimum wages, but that is a separate issue.)

Finally, may I take this opportunity to apologize to Alvin Schorr, author of *Poor Kids*, and other writings on subjects under discussion, for giving him the wrong first name?

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grade level of education). The majority of both would be the victims of childhood poverty. Approximately seven out of 10 rejectees would be from families with four or more children and one out of every two would come from families with six or more children.

No fewer than 10 countries have a lower infant mortality rate than the United States, and it is estimated that in 1967 one out of four babies will be born to mothers receiving little or no obstetric care. More than 3.5 million poor children under five years old who need medical care do not receive it under existing programs. Almost two out of every three disadvantaged youths between the ages of five and 14 have never seen a dentist. In a sample study of 55,000 children conducted under the Head Start program, it was found that 70 percent were receiving their first medical or dental treatment.

As experience in Canada has shown, there is every reason to believe that this situation could be greatly improved by a family allowances program in the United States.

To date, a total of 62 nations, including all the countries of Europe, have adopted family allowances programs. Among the industrialized nations of the world, only the United States is without such a system. What have been the results of these measures? Again the Canadian program can be used as an example. It is generally agreed that the allowances have improved the welfare of children in that country. They definitely have not caused an increase in the birth rate, nor have they depressed wages or resulted in any of the perverse effects which would be encountered in negative income tax or income guarantee proposals. In the latest Gallup poll conducted on the subject in Canada, 90 percent of those interviewed considered family allowances "a good thing," with only 6 percent expressing a contrary view and 4 percent registering no opinion. This is one of the largest majorities ever achieved on a national or international issue in that country.

Professor Tobin states that "a number of well-intentioned liberals – among them TRB . . . and Daniel Patrick Moynihan – find 'family allowances' or 'children's allowances' an attractive label"; and he "wonder(s) if they have really thought through the implications of their choice." It is submitted that in the case of family allowances programs, the implications are clear. They are based on the successful experience of other countries and the record is there for examination. Contrary to the effects of a negative income tax or guaranteed income plan, many of which must be speculative, the record on this score for family allowances speaks strongly for the adoption of such a program in this country.

The American Transition

by Zbigniew Brzezinski

America is in the midst of a transition that is both unique and baffling. The uniqueness of the change is the cause for the difficulty in understanding its nature. Marxists particularly are baffled. They see hopeful signs of mounting contradictions in the internal American turmoil. Yet that turmoil does not fit classical categories: well-fed alienated youth from well-to-do-families, middle-class disaffection, Negro self-assertiveness led by brilliant clergymen or militant Moslems – none of that fits the neat categories of the established doctrine.

Marxists are not the only ones baffled; many analysts of contemporary America are equally perplexed. For our society is leaving the phase of spontaneity and is entering a more self-conscious stage; ceasing to be an industrial society, it is being shaped to an ever-increasing extent by technology and electronics, and thus becoming the first *technetronic society*. This is at least in part the cause for much of the current tensions and violence, and largely the reason why events in America of today do not fit established categories of analyses.

Spontaneity made for an almost automatic optimism about the future, about the "American miracle," about justice and happiness for all: as America developed, grew, became richer, problems that persisted or appeared would be solved. This phase is ending. The social blinders are being ripped off – and a sense of inadequacy is becoming more widespread. The spread of literacy, and particularly the access to college and universities of about 40 percent of the youth, has created a new stratum – one which reinforces the

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formerly isolated urban intellectuals – a stratum not willing to tolerate social blinders and not sharing the complacent belief in the spontaneous goodness of American social change.

Yet it is easier to know what is wrong than to indicate what ought to be done. The difficulty is not only revealed by the inability of the new social rebels to develop a concrete and meaningful program. It is magnified by the novelty of our problem. Turning to 19th-century ideologies is not the answer – and it is symptomatic that the "New Left" has found it most difficult to apply the available, particularly Marxist, doctrines to the new reality. Indeed, its emphasis on human rights, the evils of depersonalization, the dangers inherent in big government – so responsive to the felt psychological needs – contain strong parallels to more conservative notions about the place and sanctity of the individual in society.

In some ways, there is an analogy here between the "New Left" and the searching attitude of various disaffected groups in early 19th-century Europe, reacting to the first strains of the industrial age. Not fully comprehending its meaning, not quite certain where it was heading – yet sensitive to the miseries and opportunities it was bringing – many Europeans strove desperately to adapt earlier, 18th-century doctrines to the new reality. It was finally Marx who achieved what appeared to millions a meaningful synthesis, combining utopian idealism about the future of the industrial age with a scorching critique of its present.

The search for meaning is characteristic of the present American scene. It could portend most divisive and bitter ideological conflicts – especially as intellectual disaffection becomes linked with the increasing bitterness of the deprived Negro masses. If carried to its extreme, this could bring to America a phase of violent, intolerant, and destructive civil strife, combining ideological and racial intolerance.

However, it seems unlikely that a unifying ideology of political action, capable of mobilizing large-scale loyalty, can emerge in the manner that Marxism arose in response to the industrial era. Unlike even Western Europe or Japan – not to speak of Soviet Russia – where the consequences and the impact of the industrial process are still reshaping political, social, and economic life – in America science and technology (particularly as socially applied through communications and increasingly computerization, both offsprings of the industrial age) are already more important in influencing the social behavior of a society that has moved past its industrial phase. Science and technology are notoriously unsympathetic to simple, absolute formulas. In the technetronic society there may be room for pragmatic, even impatient, idealism, but hardly for doctrinal utopianism.

At the same time, it is already evident that a resolution of some of the unfinished business of the industrial era will be rendered more acute. For example, the Negro should have been integrated into US society during the American Industrial Revolution. Yet that revolution came before America, even if not the Negro, was ready for full integration. If the Negro had been only an economic legacy of the pre-industrial age, perhaps he could have integrated more effectively. Today, the more advanced urban-industrial regions of America, precisely because they are moving into a new and more complex phase, requiring even more developed social skills, are finding it difficult to integrate the Negro, both a racial minority and America's only "feudal legacy." Paradoxically, it can be argued that the American South stands a better long-range chance of fully integrating the Negro: American consciousness is changing, the Negro has stirred, and the South is beginning to move into the industrial age. The odds are that it may take the Negro along with it.

Whatever the outcome, American society is the one in which the great questions of our time will be first tested through practice. Can the individual and science coexist, or will the dynamic momentum of the latter fundamentally alter the former? Can man, living in the scientific age, grow in intellectual depth and philosophical meaning, and thus in his personal liberty too? Can the institutions of political democracy be adapted to the new conditions sufficiently quickly to meet the crises, yet without debasing their democratic character?

The challenge in its essence involves the twin dangers of fragmentation and excessive control. A few examples: Symptoms of alienation and depersonalization are already easy to find. Many Americans feel "less free." This feeling seems connected with their loss of "purpose," for freedom implies choice of action, and action requires an awareness of goals. If the present transition of America to the technetronic age achieves no personally satisfying fruits, the next phase may be one of sullen withdrawal from social and political involvement, a flight from social and political responsibility through "inner-emigration." Political frustration could increase the difficulty of absorbing and internalizing rapid environmental changes, thereby prompting increasing psychic instability.

At the same time, the capacity to assert social and political control over the individual will vastly in-

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crease. It will soon be possible to assert almost continuous surveillance over every citizen and to maintain up-to-date, complete files, containing even most personal information about the health or personal behavior of the citizen, in addition to more customary data. These files will be subject to instantaneous retrieval by the authorities.

Moreover, the rapid pace of change will put a premium on anticipating events and planning for them. Power will gravitate into the hands of those who control the information, and can correlate it most rapidly. Our existing post-crisis management institutions will probably be increasingly supplanted by pre-crisis management institutions, the task of which will be to identify in advance likely social crises and to develop programs to cope with them. This could encourage tendencies during the next several decades toward a technocratic dictatorship, leaving less and less room for political procedures as we now know them.

Finally, looking ahead to the end of this century, the possibility of biochemical mind-control and the genetic tinkering with man, including eventually the creation of beings that will function like men – and reason like them as well – could give rise to the most difficult questions. According to what criteria can such controls be applied? What is the distribution of power between the social and political status of artificial beings, if they begin to approach man in their performance and creative capacities? (One dares not to ask, what if they begin to "outstrip man" – something not beyond the pale of possibility during the next century?)

Yet it would be highly misleading to construct a one-sided picture, a new Orwellian piece of science fiction. Many of the changes transforming American society augur well for the future and allow at least some optimism about this society's capacity to adapt to the requirements of the metamorphic age.

Thus, in the political sphere, the increased flow of information and more efficient techniques of coordination need not necessarily prompt greater concentration of power within some ominous control agency located at the governmental apex. Paradoxically, these developments also make possible greater devolution of authority and responsibility to the lower levels of government and society. The division of power has traditionally posed the problems of inefficiency, coordination, and dispersal of authority; but today the new communications and computer techniques make possible both increased authority at the lower levels and almost instant national coordination. It is very likely that state and local government will be strengthened in the next 10 years, and many functions currently the responsibility of the federal government will be assumed by them. (It is noteworthy that the US Army has so developed its control systems that it is not uncommon for sergeants to call in and coordinate massive air strikes and artillery fire – a responsibility of colonels during World War II.)

The devolution of financial responsibility to lower echelons may encourage both the flow of better talent and greater local participation in more important local decision-making. National coordination and local participation could thus be wedded by the new systems of coordination. This has already been tried successfully by some large businesses. This development would also have the desirable effect of undermining the appeal of any new integrating ideologies that may arise; for ideologies thrive only as long as there is an acute need for abstract responses to large remote problems.

It is also a hopeful sign that improved governmental performance, and its increased sensitivity to social needs is being stimulated by the growing involvement in national affairs of what Kenneth Boulding has called the Educational and Scientific Establishment (EASE). The university at one time, during the Middle Ages, was a key social institution. Political leaders leaned heavily on it for literate confidants and privy counselors, a rare commodity in those days. Later divorced from reality, academia in recent years has made a grand reentry into the world of action.

Today, the university is the creative eye of the massive communications complex, the source of much strategic planning, domestic and international. Its engagement in the world is encouraging the appearance of a new breed of politicians-intellectuals, men who make it a point to mobilize and draw on the most expert, scientific and academic advice in the development of their political programs. This, in turn, stimulates public awareness of the value of expertise – and, again in turn, greater political competition in exploiting it.

A profound change in the intellectual community itself is inherent in this development. The largely humanist-oriented, occasionally ideologically-minded intellectual dissenter, who saw his role largely in terms

COMING: *comments on recent decisions of the Supreme Court – by Alexander M. Bickel*

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of proffering social critiques, is rapidly being displaced either by experts and specialists, who become involved in special governmental undertakings, or by the generalists-integrators, who become in effect house-ideologues for those in power, providing overall intellectual integration for disparate actions. A community of organization-oriented, application-minded intellectuals, relating itself more effectively to the political system than their predecessors, serves to introduce into the political system concerns broader than those likely to be generated by that system itself and perhaps more relevant than those articulated by outside critics.

There is a danger in all this, however, that ought not to be neglected. Intense involvement in applied knowledge could gradually prompt a waning of the tradition of learning for the sake of learning. The intellectual community, including the university, could become another "industry," meeting social needs as the market dictates, with the intellectuals reaching for the highest material and political rewards. Concern with power, prestige, and the good life could mean an end to the aristocratic ideal of intellectual detachment and the disinterested search for truth.

The expansion of knowledge, and the entry into socio-political life of the intellectual community, has the further effect of making education an almost continuous process. By 1980, not only will approximately two-thirds of US urban dwellers be college trained, but it is almost certain that systematic "elite-retraining" will be standard in the political system. It will be normal for every high official both to be engaged in almost continuous absorption of new techniques and knowledge, and to take periodic retraining. The adoption of compulsory elementary education was a revolution brought on by the industrial age. In the new technetronic society, it will be equally necessary to require everyone at a sufficiently responsible post to take, say, two years of retraining every ten years. (Perhaps there will even be a constitutional amendment, requiring a President-elect to spend at least a year getting himself educationally up-to-date.) Otherwise, it will not be possible either to keep up with, or absorb the new knowledge.

Given diverse needs, it is likely that the educational system will undergo a fundamental change in structure. Television-computer consoles, capable of bringing most advanced education to the home, will permit extensive and continuous adult reeducation. On the more advanced levels, it is likely that government agencies and corporations will develop – and some have already begun to do so – their own advanced educational systems, shaped to their special needs. As education becomes both a continuum, and even more application-oriented, its organizational framework will be redesigned to tie it directly to social and political action.

It is quite possible that a society increasingly geared to learning will be able to absorb more resiliently the expected changes in social and individual life. Mechanization of labor and the introduction of robots will reduce the chores that keep millions busy with doing things that they dislike doing. The increasing GNP (which could reach approximately $10,000 per capita per year), linked with educational advance, could prompt among those less involved in social management and less interested in scientific development a wave of interest in the cultural and humanistic aspects of life, in addition to purely hedonistic preoccupations. But even the latter would serve as a social valve, reducing tensions and political frustration. Greater control over external environment could make for easier, less uncertain existence.

But the key to successful adaptation to the new conditions is in the effective selection, distribution and utilization of social talent. If the industrial society can be said to have developed through a struggle for survival of the fittest, the technetronic society – in order to prosper – requires the effective mobilization of the ablest. Objective and systematic criteria for the selection of those with the greatest gifts will have to be developed, and the maximum opportunity for their training and advancement provided. The new society will require enormous talents – as well as a measure of philosophical wisdom – to manage and integrate effectively the expected changes. Otherwise, the dynamic of change could chaotically dictate the patterns of social change.

Fortunately, American society is becoming more conscious not only of the principle of equal opportunity for all but of special opportunity for the singularly talented few. Never truly an aristocratic state (except for some pockets such as the South and New England), never really subject to ideological or charismatic leadership, gradually ceasing to be a plutocratic-oligarchic society, the USA is becoming something which may be labeled the "meritocratic democracy." It combines continued respect for the popular will with an increasing role in the key decision-making institutions of individuals with special intellectual and scientific attainments. The educational and social systems are making it increasingly attractive and easy for those meritocratic few to develop to the fullest their special potential. The recruitment and advancement of social talent is yet to extend to the poorest and the most underprivileged, but that too is coming. No one can tell whether this will suffice to meet the unfolding challenge, but the increasingly cultivated and programmed American society, led by a meritocratic democracy, may stand a better chance.

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Cum Laude

Happy news. Mike Nichols' second film, *The Graduate*, proves that he is a genuine film director – one to be admired and concerned about. It also marks the screen debut, in the title role, of Dustin Hoffman, a young actor already known in the theatre as an exceptional talent, who here increases his reputation. Also, after many months of prattle about the "new" American film (mostly occasioned by the overrated *Bonnie and Clyde*), *The Graduate* gives some substance to the contention that American films are coming of age – of our age.

The Graduate (Embassy)

The screenplay, based on a novel by Charles Webb, was written by Calder Willingham and Buck Henry. The latter, like Nichols, is an experienced satiric performer. (Henry appears in this picture as a hotel clerk.) The dialogue is sharp, hip without rupturing itself in the effort, often moving, and frequently funny except for a few obtrusive gag lines. The story is about a young cop-out who – for well-dramatized reasons – cops at least partially in again.

Ben is a bright college graduate who returns to his wealthy parents' Hollywood home and flops – on his bed, on the rubber raft in the pool. Politely and dispassionately, he declines the options thrust at him by barbecue-pit society. The bored wife of his father's law partner seduces him. Ben is increasingly uncomfortable in the continuing affair, for moral reasons of an unpuritanical kind. (The bedroom scene in which Ben tries to get her to *talk* to him is a jewel.) The woman's daughter comes home from college, and against the mother's wishes, Ben takes her out. He falls in love with the girl – which is predictable but entirely credible. He is blackmailed into telling her about his affair with her mother and, in revulsion, the girl flees – back to Berkeley. Ben follows, hangs about the campus, almost gets her to marry him, loses her (through her father's interference), pursues her, and finally gets her. For once, a happy ending makes *us* feel happy.

To dispose at once of the tedious subject of frankness, I note that some of the language and bedroom details push that frontier (in American films) considerably ahead, but it is all so appropriate that it never has the slightest smack of daring, let alone opportunism. What is truly daring, and therefore refreshing, is the film's moral stance. Its acceptance of the fact that a young man might have an affair with a woman and still marry her daughter (a situation not exactly unheard of in America although not previously seen in American films) is part of the film's fundamental insistence: that life, today, in our world, is not worth living unless one can *prove* it day-by-day, by values that ring true day-by-day. Moral attitudes, far from relaxing, are getting stricter and stricter, and many of the shoddy moralistic acceptances that dictated mindless actions for decades are now being fiercely questioned. Ben is neither a laggard nor a lecher; he is, in the healthiest sense, a moralist – he wants to know the value of what he is doing. He does not rush into the affair with the mother out of any social rote of "scoring" any more than he avoids the daughter – because he has slept with her mother – out of any social rote of taboo. (In fact, although he is male and eventually succumbs, he sees the older woman's advances as a syndrome of a suspect society.) And the sexual dynamics of the story propels Ben past the sexual sphere; it forces him to assess and locate himself in *every* aspect.

Sheerly in terms of moral revolution, all this will seem pretty commonplace to readers of contemporary American fiction. But we are dealing here with an art form that, because of its inescapable broad-based appeal, follows well behind the front lines of moral exploration. In America it follows less closely than in some other countries, not because American audiences are necessarily less sophisticated than others (although they *are* less sophisticated than, say, Swedish audiences) but because the great expense of American production encourages a producer to cast the widest net possible. None of this is an apology for the film medium, it is a fact of the film's existence; one might as sensibly apologize for painting because it cannot be seen simultaneously by millions the way a film can. Thus the arrival of *The Graduate* can be viewed two ways. First, it is an index of moral change in a substantial segment of the American public, at least of an awakening of some doubts about past acceptances. Second, it is irrelevant that these changes are arriving in film a decade or two decades or a half century after the other arts, because their statement in film makes them intrinsically new and unique. If arts have textural differences and are not simply different envelopes for the same contents, then the *way* in which *The Graduate* affects us makes it quite a different work from the original novel (which I have not read) and from all the dozens of novels of moral disruption and exploration in recent years. Recently an Italian literary critic and teacher deplored to me the adulation of young people for films, saying that the "messages" they get from Bergman and Antonioni and Godard were stated by the novel and even the drama thirty or forty years ago. I tried (unsuccessfully) to point out that this is not really true: that if art as art has any validity at all, then the film's peculiar sensory avenues were giving those "old" insights a being they could not otherwise have.

This brings us to the central artist of this enterprise, Mike Nichols. In his first picture *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, Nichols was shackled by a famous play and by the two powerhouse stars of our time; but considering these handicaps, he did a creditable job, particularly with his actors. In *The Graduate*, uninhibited by the need to

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Books and the Arts

Ghetto Classroom

by Joseph Featherstone

36 Children is a simple and direct narrative of Mr. Kohl's experiences with a sixth grade class in a Harlem school, and it is one of the best books by a teacher I've read. It gives an honest and illuminating description of how a teacher works, and it explores the process of change he has to undergo as he and his children respond to each other and he begins to gather his nerve to alter his way of teaching. He shows, for example, the complicated private war he waged with himself over the matter of discipline. The class was the top sixth grade class in the school, but only five or six out of the 36 children could read a sixth grade book, and more than half were reading at fourth grade level. As an inexperienced teacher, he stuck to the assigned texts, and tried hard to maintain a strict schedule, with separate periods for different subjects. Looking back, he suggests that this tightness with time and material had nothing to do with the quantity of things to be learned in a school year, or the amount of ground the class had to cover, for the truth was that the children had learned very little anyway after five full years of school. It stemmed, he admits, from his own fear of loss of control. Gradually building up his own confidence he made his own accommodation to discipline, and so did the children. He tells how he started letting them take 10-minute breaks between subjects, when they could play the piano, read books, and play chess and checkers. At the end of the second day's break, the class resisted going back to work, but he insisted, and believes that a failure at this point would have been disastrous, because the children had made a bargain and had to keep it. (Perhaps it was important for him to know that the class *could* keep bargains.)

36 Children
by Herbert Kohl
(New American Library; $5)
Teaching the Unteachable
by Herbert Kohl
(New York Review; $1)

Things worked out, painfully:

> "I remember days getting home from school angry at myself, confused by my behavior in the classroom, my ranting and carping, my inability to let the children alone. I kept saying 'That's not me, that's not me'. For a while, as I learned to teach, the me in the classroom was an alien and hostile being."

He overcame his conviction that if one child got out of control the whole class would follow and chaos would result:

> "I let an insult pass and discovered that the rest of the class didn't take up the insult; I learned to say nothing when Ralph returned from pacing the halls or when Alvin refused to do arithmetic. The children did not want to be defiant, insulting, idle; nor were they any less afraid of chaos than I was."

He never completely solved the problem of discipline. He never was able to line everybody up at 3 o'clock. Sadly, he reports that one boy he couldn't reach left the class. He and the other children learned to live with each other, which is as close as anybody comes to solving the discipline problem.

There are many profound reflections on teaching scattered through *36 Children*, but one small and almost peripheral illustration of Mr. Kohl's awareness of the complexities will have to suffice. This concerns a teacher's need for privacy, a separate existence outside the classroom, even sometimes, for a year or two away from teaching. At one point he began having children over to his apartment after school. (To some teachers and administrators this is the same thing as deserting the trenches to fraternize with the enemy in no-man's-land.) The visits were a success, but he found, finally, that he had to restrict them to just one day in the week. The children were angry when he told them he needed his own life. I've met good teachers who never appreciated this, or if they did, were unable to do anything about it. They never set apart any aspect of themselves, they gave their classes everything, and you sensed that somehow in the long process they were being scooped hollow. In the end they were left trying to live vicariously through the children, which was not enough.

So much for the complexities, which fill Mr. Kohl's account. *36 Children* is an important book because it shows how a teacher abandoned the usual classroom methods and developed an informal class where children could work on their own, where they were offered choices about what to do, and where in fact they generated a good deal of the curriculum themselves, including an extraordinary outpouring of free writing. It reports all this convincingly, with the kind of specific detail necessary for understanding and yet so often absent from discussions of teaching. He includes many samples of the children's work, so that *36 Children* becomes, in parts, an eloquent anthology testifying to the creative energy of these Harlem students. He shows us their poems, myths, sly fables, comic strips, autobiographies, essays, and wildly inventive science fiction novels.

Mr. Kohl's book, and his pamphlet, *Teaching the Unteachable*, provide American teachers, parents, and the public with the kind of thing they desperately lack: concrete examples of what a really good job of teaching might look like. There is a big difference between a class in which the teacher simply likes the children, and a class where the children are stimu-

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lated to do first-rate work. *36 Children* sheds some light on the difference. Its lessons apply to suburbs, as well as slums, for very few schools of any sort in this country regularly permit children to choose the content of their writing, and children's literature is rarely read with the respect and attention it needs in order to flourish. Mr. Kohl claims no great originality for his discovery that children can write. Other teachers have discovered the same thing. People learn to use words – to want to use words well – by trying to get across something they want to say to an audience they wish to reach and move. Children learn to write by writing. (But it is true, as he says, that children will not write if they are afraid to talk.) His example is relevant to every level of education, from first grade through graduate school, but of course it hits with all the more force because his class was composed of black and Puerto Rican children, who, we are so often told, lack any vocabulary, are unable to handle abstractions, learn mainly from physical, rather than mental, activity, and so on and so on. In fact his children liked to write and had a lot to say. Not all were gifted writers, though some clearly were, and many, like many adults, had only a single important story to tell, to write and rewrite. Yet, "all of them . . . seemed to become more alive through their writing."

In making the change from a formal class to a freer one, he was driven by desperation, not by any particular vision of good teaching. For six or seven weeks he struggled with the assigned books, but it was hopeless. He was bored and so were the children. A few times the class came to life: they had an intricate discussion of the Patterson-Liston fight, and a conversation about the word "psyche" that led the astonished children to consider the idea that language and words changed over time, had a history. "You mean words change?" "You mean one day the way we talk – you know, with words like cool and dig and soul – may be all right?" They were facinated by the myth of Cupid and Psyche, and became hungry for words and myths. He dropped the dreary social studies texts (*How We Became Modern America*) and started teaching them about words, myths, and periods of history that interested him. Social studies became a free period, a long break in which the teacher overwhelmed the class with books and projects, and let them discover what they liked. There were no reports to file, or set numbers of pages to read. There were books on architecture, the Greeks, mythology, Mesopotamia, early man, books on World War II for a set of war buffs, art books for a boy who drew all the time, the Bobbsey Twins, and novels like Dorothy Sterling's *Mary Jane*, the story of a Negro girl who integrates a white school.

As they began making choices, the teacher found that he could take the time to watch and listen and get some idea of what intrigued them. A few boys got interested in science, and they told him of an unused cache of science equipment somewhere in the school. Others knew where they could lay hands on a record player. He brought in his records and the class introduced him to Moms Mabley. By the end of October, they were telling him about the neighborhood, and then they began to write about it. The papers weren't marked, and no one had to write. This was, he says, probably the first time they had ever written to say something that mattered:

"I live 62 E. 120st My neighborhood is not so bad. Everyone has children in the block. Many of the children are Spanish. Some of them run around nude and dirty. Some of the houses are so dirty you would be sacre to come in the door. Sometimes the drunks come out and fight. . . . Many of the people in the block drink so much they don't have time for the children. The children have no place to play they have the park but the parents don't care enough to

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take them. Now you have a idea of what my block is like."

He found himself running a very different kind of class from the one he had begun with. The free social studies period expanded to a free day. Each morning he put an assignment on the board and the class had a choice of reading and writing or else doing the assignment. Writing was private, unless the author chose to make it public, and the children were encouraged to work at one task until the momentum was lost. Some were upset by the absence of routine, and missed the comfort of doing things by rote. Their teacher often wavered, too, and thought about going back to formal teaching. The slow result was a flowering of free writing.

The first book he was allowed to see was an autobiography by Maurice, 11 years old:

"This story is about a boy named Maurice and his life as it is and how it will be. Maurice is in the six grade now, but this story will tell you about his past, present, and future . . . When I was born I couldn't see at first, but like all families my father was waiting outside after a hour or so I could see shadows. . . .

Robert Jackson, the artist, began an astonishing literary output with a book clearly influenced by his readings about Greece. *A Barbarian Becomes a Greek Warrior* is a violent adventure story about a weakling with "the strength of luck" who grows into a great hero: "One day in Ancient Germany, a boy was growing up. His name was Pathos. He was named after this Latin word because he had sensitive feelings. In Ancient Germany the Romans had their vast empire. . . ."

The teacher found that different children respond to different kinds of writing, trying out new voices and modes. After hearing fables from Aesop and Thurber, some took to the fable:

"Once upon a time there was a pig and a cat. The cat kept saying you old dirty pig who want to eat you. And the pig replied when I die I'll be made use of, but when you die you'll just rot. The cat always thought he was better than the pig. When the pig died he was used as food for the people to eat. When the cat died he was buried in old dirt.

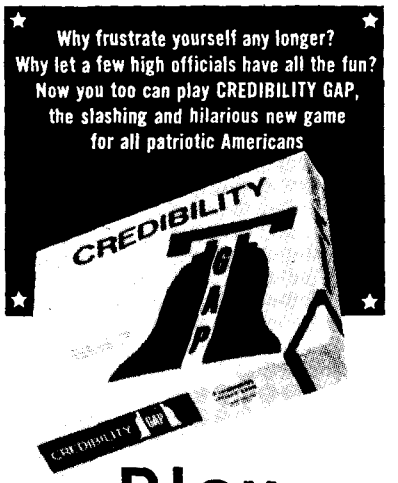
Moral: Live dirty die clean."

Some children fashioned myths, mingling Cyclops and Zeus with Superman and Wonder Woman. The most impressive – "awesome," is, quite properly, the word his teacher uses – is a long unfinished fragment of the Elektra myth by Alvin Curry, Jr., which begins: "This story called Elektra is of the deepest passion and the deepest hope of avengeance of her father's death. . . ." The children produced a magazine, *And*, the two issues of which appear in *36 Children*. *And* has many fine things, including illustrated mythologies by Robert Jackson, and Marie Ford's poem, "The Junkies":

When they are
in the street
they pass it
along to each
other but when
they see the
police they would
just stand still
and be beat
so pity ful
that they want
to cry.

The school's authorities, who in most respects seem to have left Mr. Kohl to his own devices, thought that *And* contained too much terror and violence, and recommended that the class study a fifth grader's sticky little poem on shopping with Mom. The assistant principal's only reaction to *And* was an offer to give its creators a lesson in proofreading.

Mr. Kohl's cumulative portrait of the New York City schools is devastating, but the portrait emerges slowly, and it is done with justice and a certain amount of pity, as well as rage. For instance, "It was difficult not to feel the general chaos – to observe the classes without teachers, the children wandering aimlessly, sometimes wantonly through the halls, disrupting classes, intimidating, extorting, yet being courted by the administration: 'Please don't make trou-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ble, anything you want, but no trouble'." In April, he demonstrated what he thought of the system by doing something that radically contradicted its premises, something that many teachers in slum schools would regard as unprofessional. (If teachers really were professionals, of course, they would be loyal to their immediate students and not to their superiors or the school system.) He explained to his children that they were going to have to take reading and (at that time in New York) IQ tests which determined placement in junior high school and thus their whole future. He took out their records and told them their past scores. They were angry and shocked, for no one in all their years in school had ever told them frankly how low they stood. In this, the top sixth grade class in the school, only two children had IQ scores above 100; the majority had scores in the 80 to 90 range. The class asked what could be done, and he did what teachers of middle-class children often do and teachers of slum children almost never do: he taught them how to take tests. (As he explains, many teachers in slum schools feel that their own failures with the children are excused if objective tests can establish that the children are failures.) He got old tests and drilled the class for several weeks in the tricky art of following instructions. The children objected to the boring drill, but he made them be realistic. Their superb sixth grade work didn't matter; they would go nowhere in junior high school unless the test scores were satisfactory. He taught them the different kinds of test questions and got them to see that they mustn't be too clever and outsmart tests. Children sometimes have trouble learning that a test has only one right answer, and that the task is to figure out what the man who made the test expects and not simply what seems like a reasonable answer. They have to be trained to think on the test's level, not on their level. The children learned. As their teacher put it, "they agreed to be dull for the sake of their future."

There was too little time to prepare for the IQ tests, and only 10 in the class scored over 100, one girl getting 135. But the reading tests later on in the year showed the results of determined coaching. Most of the class jumped one to three years, a few were at a fifth grade level, 12 were on the seventh grade level, and eight read on levels between eighth and twelfth grades.

The reading tests were a victory of sorts. The year was most certainly a victory for Mr. Kohl and his children. He hadn't created the visionary social studies course he once imagined teaching, which would instruct children "to be able to persist, revolt, and change things in our society and yet not lose their souls in the process." But he had done wonderful things. The children had learned to read widely and to like reading, and they had discovered that they could write – to touch on the more obvious and perhaps less important aspects of their encounter with a gifted and warm teacher. The first and longest section of *36 Children* is written in a tone of quiet pride. This, it seems to say, is how it's done. This is being a successful teacher.

A short second section makes *36 Children* a tragic book, as well as the story of a success. It follows the careers of the children in the years after leaving sixth grade in 1963. While the returns are far from being complete, there is enough evidence to justify one child's mournful observation, "Mr. Kohl, one good year isn't enough." Despite the children's tenacious desire to finish school, and the foolish hopes and dreams that kept them going long after the pointlessness of school was evident, they began coming back, bewildered, to their sixth grade teacher to report discouragement and steady demoralization. One girl made it to a prep school in New England, paying a heavy psychic price for making it in the white world. A handful of other girls endured, because they were strong. The attrition rate among the boys was sickening. Robert Jackson, whose drawings and writings adorn *36 Children*, quit the High School of Music and Art. (When Mr. Kohl went to discover why, he met a guidance counselor whose office was full of black students. "You know we're very good to ..... here," she whispered, writing the word "Negroes" on a pad.) Michael, who once worked on a novel, *Frankenstein Meets Cyclops and Psyche*, still dreamed of becoming a writer. He wanted to master the craft, but school was irrelevant,

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and he was selling newspapers for a living. Another boy, Ralph, was "beginning to look like those permanent dwellers in junkies' paradise." In a series of letters and writings to his teacher, Alvin Curry records the downward path to wisdom. Subsequent teachers have treated him as an illiterate, and yet gloomily he continues to write. This is from "The Condemned Building:"

> "There is a leaky faucet, going with a steady drip of water, there is no recreation whatsoever where a person can spend his leisure time, but there is something to look at, the walls which have plaster peeling, which suggests different moods that a person may be in, the walls are so arranged that they suggest different scenes like maybe a scene of you gradually graduating from boyhood to man when the mirage has passed you notice that the windows are uneasily pitch black suggesting for you maybe a private hell where you can satisfy your own desires. . . . you step into the outside where you ask yourself why is this building condemned, where a person can find his inner self. Why do they condemn this building where man can find out what he is or will be.
> Why do they condemn Life."

As the toll mounts, their teacher is forced to ask himself whether he did his children a favor by teaching them to write and think, whether it was good to create expectations that the schools did not live up to. His answer is troubled. He will not teach again in the public school system as it stands. He hopes he can find a way to continue teaching children, but it is clear that he will be less certain that he can save them next time. What he will be able to do, at least, is add his weight to "easing the burden of being alive in the United States today."

36 Children presents an aspect of the social tragedy now engulfing this country, but it is much more than simply another book with the same message we have heard and ignored often before. Each child has signed his teacher's memory with a characteristic kind of wit, a way of talking or writing, a special bravado. The book is tragic, but it is its triumph to demonstrate the stubborn individuality of these children, who, with their intelligence and their promise are so much bigger than the small, mean fates stalking them. In Harlem iron traps are set and waiting for the young flesh, but there is gaiety in their lives, and there are gestures of deep courtesy, too, and these are also part of the rich, increasingly bitter truth *36 Children* tells us.

The British Remnant

by Honor Tracy

When the aristocrats fled St. Petersburg at the outbreak of the Revolution, some of the English nannies and governesses in their employ stayed on.

Ooty Preserved
A Victorian Hill Station in India
by Mollie Panter-Downes
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $4.95)

They were not, as need hardly be said, in favor of the rising. On the contrary, they thought it all very unnecessary and a great mistake. Now and again they wended their way through the seething mobs to the Bolshevist HQ and lodged complaints of the shocking amount of noise at night; but on the whole they ignored the matter. Nonetheless, they did not propose to leave merely because a bunch of excitable foreigners were taking on. They intended doing so in their own time and at their own convenience.

Whether it is the nannies of St. Petersburg or the dwellers by the Amazon, with their stone-age customs and their preference for Mozart to the Beatles, human beings who go their own way regardless are always engaging. In this beautifully written book Miss Panter-Downes describes with gentle humor a notable group of the category, namely, the remnant British of Ootacamund. Ooty – as the Sahibs inevitably called her – is set in the Nil-

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giris or Blue Hills of southern India, seven thousand feet above the furnace heat of Mysore and Madras. She describes herself, with quiet assurance, as the "Queen of Hill Stations." No Viceroy held his summer court there, no Kipling ever wrote her up, hundreds to whom Simla was a household name never heard of her, yet she never lacked discriminating admirers. The scenery on the way up to the pass reminded Macaulay of Windsor forest or Cumberland, while the then Bishop of Calcutta compared her to Malvern at the height of its season: both gentlemen, by the way, were expressing entire approval, and so was the Governor of Madras when he wrote of the "numberless green knolls . . . smooth as the lawns in an English park." Lord Lytton paid a short visit during the rains and was even more delighted – "such delicious *English* rain, such delicious *English* mud" – and a Victorian lady found to her rapture that she had a real chilblain.

Their day, with all the prestige, the brilliance, the routs, the balls, is done forever. The faithful few are apt to be tweedy, suburban, hard-up and, as the author delicately puts it, with the accent on maturity. "She's only seventy, you know," a woman remarks to a friend, waiting while the grocer parcels up their chocolate biscuits, lime juice, marmalade. "Yes," comes the reply, "I remember her mother." Every year, just for April and May, things are almost what they were. Then the swells of the Nilgiris and even further, Indian or foreign, flock up for the races, Flower Show and Dog Show, the latter of which, it seems, arouses the same formidable passion as at home. After that Ooty settles down once more as a developing Indian town. Yet there are countless monuments and relics of the English, prone as always to reconstitute an England round them wherever they go. The once famous Ooty Hunt survives, though gravely depleted. So does the Ooty Club, whose bar is decorated with mounted snarling heads of the hill jackals with which, in the absence of foxes, the Hunt must needs make do, and where three afternoons a week the same four ladies meet regularly for Bridge. There is a British cemetery, where subalterns of twenty odd lie with small children, victims of cholera or climate: now and then the ghost of an English lady putters happily and inoffensively about the garden that used to be hers.

The author brings out the Indian attitude delightfully. Few, she says, regret the British apart from such as made money out of them; but, gentle charming people, they have no desire to obliterate all trace of the Raj or in any way to harass the pocketful of survivors. They join the Hunt and heap coals of fire by admitting Europeans to membership of their Clubs. They look with tolerant unconcern on the rich assortment of eccentrics that flourish in the heady mountain air, even to the lady who wears men's socks, garters and brogues with her cotton frocks. No one dreams of blowing up the scarlet pillar-boxes with Queen Victoria's initial and coat of arms. The Indian owners of formerly English houses are willing, in fact disposed, to leave them with the name of Apple Cottage or Woodcock Hall.

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People have said of India, that maddening as it often is, having once lived there they could not live happily anywhere else. Perhaps that is why this bizarre little colony hangs on year after year, its numbers gradually shrinking by death rather than defection. And yet it hardly seems in touch with Indian life at all. Retired colonels, widows, sturdy spinsters of a certain age, they watch birds, breed dogs, adopt starving mongrels or sick ponies, grow delphiniums and violets, chat about the past, borrow books from the library, support the Culture Centre and attend St. Stephen's Protestant church on Sunday, for all the world as if they were in Midhurst or Cheltenham. They have even managed to create the atmosphere of the British Sabbath, the author tells us: on that holy day a kind of flatness and deadness prevails in the very streets. Warned that a panther or hyena is prowling the neighborhood, their only reaction is to keep their pets safe indoors.

It is impossible, however, by mere description to convey the quality of this little jewel of a book. Miss Panter-Downes has long been known for her admirable London Letters in *The New Yorker;* but even her most devoted fans will hardly be prepared for observation so exact, feeling so warm and humor so subtle. Little turns of phrase here and there suggest that she is herself an American and, if so, it would be fascinating to know what brought her to Ooty at all. But whatever it was, Miss Panter-Downes and the Queen of Hill Stations were made for each other.

Revolution in Liberty

by Joseph A. Page

The most dramatic story unfolding in Latin America today is the struggle of Eduardo Frei to carry off his "revolution in liberty" in Chile. Elected by a landslide in 1964, the continent's first Christian Democratic president committed himself to a head-on competition with Cuba's Fidel Castro. Both have proclaimed themselves revolutionaries. Both are seeking to modernize and humanize their countries.

The Last, Best Hope:
Eduardo Frei and Chilean Democracy
by Leonard Gross
(Random House; $5.95)

The key difference is that Frei believes he can significantly alter Chile's power structure by constitutional means. He wants to free his country's destiny from the control of the oligarchic landowners, industrialists and foreign companies. His aim is that the Chilean masses, heretofore excluded from national life, both participate in the decision-making processes and enjoy the material benefits of continuing economic development.

Chile is also the last stand for the original ideals of the Alliance for Progress. Its present government is seriously trying to bring into being the revolutionary goals of the Alliance. Elsewhere in Latin America, there is talk of gradual evolution which *might* make things better. In point of fact, old dreams have become empty rhetoric in the face of military governments and worsening economic problems. The Christian Democrats in Chile want immediate results.

The Chilean story has another aspect of nearly equal import. The Christian Democrats' chief competition comes from FRAP, the name given to a coalition of the Socialist and Communist Parties. Salvador Allende, a Socialist senator, has twice missed the presidency at the head of the FRAP ticket. In 1958, he lost by only 30,000 votes when a defrocked priest put up as a candidate by his opponents drained votes from him. His stunning defeat at the hands of Frei in 1964 derived in large part from a massively financed smear campaign by conservatives which frightened Chilean voters (especially the women) with an exaggerated spectre of communism. FRAP's losses fortify the Castro-Guevara-Debray thesis that socialist governments can come to power only through revolution. Under this view, the capitalists and imperialists will always find a way to manipulate the democratic process to maintain power. Extreme leftists have already become disenchanted with FRAP and its adherence to legality and the electoral road. They see in FRAP the "fat-cat," Moscow-line communists, ossified and institutionalized within the existing political framework – in a word, a counterrevolutionary.

The Last, Best Hope is an account of the rise of Eduardo Frei and of his first two years in office. An addendum chapter records significant events of the fall of 1966 and spring of 1967. Leonard Gross did some perceptive reporting during his 1961-63 stint as *Look* magazine's man in Latin America, but his book is a sore disappointment, doing scant justice to an important story. Its lack of detail (such as the personal relationship between Frei and Allende, who traveled abroad together as senators) and reliance on secondary material suggests an insufficient exposure to the country and to the people who are making it move.

On the positive side, Gross does present a useful portrait of Frei, the serious, dedicated, honest politician. It is impossible to understate the importance of Frei's incorruptibility, a trait which makes him unique among Latin political leaders and a rival to Castro in the eyes of the idealistic young.

Gross' analysis of the Catholic Church in Chile is another strong point. He attacks the notion that the Church is tremendously wealthy in Latin America. Financial insecurity has been one reason for the Church's long alliance with the upper classes. Frei and the Christian Democrats began as an offshoot of the clerically-oriented Conservative Party. When they shifted to a political and social philosophy akin to the progressive thinking of Jacques Maritain (and later John XXIII), some priests attacked them and even threatened excommunication. The Chilean Church has now for the most part reconciled itself to Frei's brand of Christian De-

FIFTY YEARS TO ATHEISM
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mocracy. Efforts by the present government to do something about the population problem indicate that the Christian Democrats are still in the Catholic vanguard.

Of the book's weaknesses, the most serious is Gross' inadequate treatment of the Christian Democratic Party. Frei cannot solve everything in six years. His task is to prove the good faith and efficacy of his revolution. He must then try to pass the torch to a Christian Democratic successor in 1970, since Chilean law prohibits the reelection of presidents. Gross virtually ignores other Christian Democratic leaders, as well as the divisions between left and right within the party. Frei represents the conservative wing, and has been feeling constant pressure from more radical elements. A closer look at Radomiro Tomic, number-two man in the party and Chilean Ambassador to the US, would have been welcome. Is he still much more a man of the left than Frei, or has he become, as some have accused, Chile's Hubert Humphrey?

The discussion of Frei's "Chileanization" of the copper industry is equally shallow. Gross might have gone beyond the doctrinaire positions of the US in favor of private enterprise and of the Marxists advocating nationalization of industry. US companies bought up existing copper mines in Chile many years ago and have been controlling this vital industry ever since. How much they have put in (money and technology), and how much they have taken out is a matter of record. Under the new arrangement, the Chilean government has entered into a partnership with the American companies. Production is to expand and tax rates have been cut. The government expects to increase its revenue through participation in larger profits. What the government would earn by nationalizing the mines is not beyond estimation. Since copper *is* the Chilean economy, a detailed examination of all aspects of this controversial question would have been welcome.

Gross also might have devoted some attention to the Chilean armed forces. To what degree must Frei placate the generals? Arms purchases during the past year suggest that Chile too must provide its brass with expensive toys.

The chapter on Chile-US relations has its problems. Gross manages to omit mention of Senator Gruening's findings that the US stepped up aid to Chile during the 1964 campaign to prevent the economy from collapsing and thus keep votes from Allende. There is little depth in his discussion of how the US has been helping Frei through the Alliance for Progress and other means. Frei's public postures, especially during his tour of Europe in 1965, have often been strikingly critical of the US.

At the halfway point of his administration, Frei has brought about meaningful tax and land reforms in addition to his "Chileanization" of copper. But inflation continues and Chile is far from self-sufficient in food production (one of Frei's campaign promises). Earthquakes and other natural disasters, as well as the combined opposition of FRAP and the conservatives, have constantly plagued him.

If Frei succeeds, he will have provided a viable option for those convinced of the necessity for revolution in Latin America but not bound to any particular ideology. To believe that FRAP could take Chile along this road after winning the 1970 elections is to ignore the Chilean, Brazilian and Argentine armies, as well as the US marines. It is at this point that the Castro-Guevara-Debray thesis becomes inevitable. Thus, whether or not one agrees that Chile is the best hope, Chile seems clearly the last hope for a revolutionary alternative to Cuba.

In addition to its superficiality, Gross' book is premature. A look at three or four years of Christian Democratic rule in Chile would give a more meaningful indication of Frei's chances.

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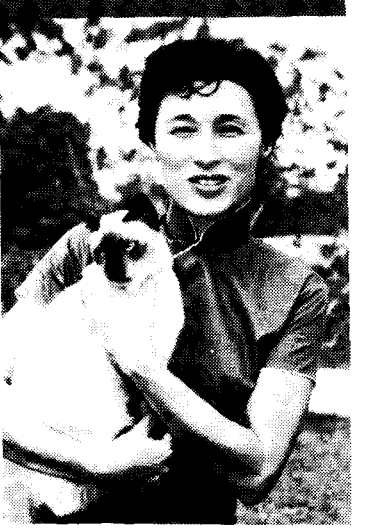

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Princeton's President

by Carl N. Degler

Of all American Presidents since Lincoln, none except Franklin Roosevelt has attracted the attention of biographers as has Woodrow Wilson. Arthur Link has been engaged for twenty years on a monumental life and times which now has reached five volumes with several more to come. The Princeton University Press has published the first three of forty volumes of Wilson's papers; last year the hitherto secret psychological study of Wilson by Sigmund Freud and William Bullitt appeared. Behind all this scholarly activity lie numerous one-volume studies as well as Ray Stannard Baker's official eight-volume Life and Letters. Now, after twenty-eight years of work, Henry Bragdon, himself an educator and distinguished teacher emeritus at Phillips Exeter Academy, has published a detailed and engrossing study of Wilson's years as student, teacher, and university president.

Woodrow Wilson
The Academic Years
by Henry Wilkinson Bragdon
(Harvard-Belknap; $9.95)

Wherever Wilson taught, his classes were an immediate success. At Princeton in the 1890's he was voted the most popular teacher seven times; earlier at Wesleyan he was idolized by his students; Johns Hopkins called him back again and again to lecture at the graduate school on public administration, a subject not intrinsically fascinating. Although raised in the South, he despised and eschewed the fashionable oratory of the time with its florid diction and exaggerated gestures. He made his appeal to the mind and the imagination through intensity of manner, precise choice of words, a touch of wit, and clarity of expression. He disliked simply giving facts and figures, preferring instead to emphasize relationships between the past and the present and the broad trends that infused meaning into politics and history. His fluent, elegant, engrossing flow of language so held his students in the vise of attention that they often could not take notes.

Even as a graduate student at Johns Hopkins Wilson had rebelled against the kind of dry, detailed research into a small topic that the influence of the German universities had made the hallmark of scholarship. He insisted at Hopkins upon being permitted to write a work of interpretation, which ultimately emerged as *Congressional Government*, his most lasting as well as his first book. Long before James Harvey Robinson and Charles A. Beard used the phrase, Wilson was an advocate of the "New History." "I have no patience," he wrote in 1885, "for the tedious toil of what is known as 'research'; I have a passion for interpreting great thoughts to the world; I should be complete if I could inspire great movements of opinion, if I could read the experience of the past into the practical life of the men of today. . . ." As president of Princeton he insisted that the curriculum not be based upon the ideal of German scholarship against which he had rebelled at Hopkins. He equated the Germanic view with science, while to him, history and politics were branches of literature, in which judgment, style, and application to life were preeminent.

His teaching outside the classroom, that is, lecturing, and writing in popular journals, was no less uniformly successful. As a professor at Princeton, he earned in one year as much by lecturing outside the University as he did within it, though he was then the most highly paid member of the faculty below the president. His national reputation as teacher, scholar, and writer was so great that in 1898 a group of rich alumni made a contract with him to stay at Princeton for five years in return for $2,500 a year in addition to his salary. His election to the presidency of the University in 1902 was greeted by trustees and faculty alike with acclaim; trustees spoke of him as "Princeton's greatest asset."

As University president he again showed himself to be a natural leader. (The faculty elected him six times to represent them on committees conferring with the trustees – a recognition accorded no other professor.) It was to Wilson that Princeton owed its leap from a country college to a national university. He inaugurated the preceptorial system, laboriously recruited the devoted young teachers necessary to carry it out, and raised the large sums of money required to put that expensive method of education into practice. He also brought to the university world renowned scholars, many of whom came, as they later admitted, simply on the basis of Wilson's personal persuasion and record of imaginative leadership. In the eight years of his presidency Princeton changed from an ingrown faculty of which three-quarters held Princeton degrees to a distinguished, cosmopolitan university with the majority of its younger professors coming from the major universities of the United States and Europe.

His virtually uninterrupted success as teacher, leader, and educator came, however, to an abrupt end. The first setback occurred with his effort to rid the University of the upperclassmen's eating clubs, which he felt were impeding the intellectual unity of the University. (It was only later, after the fight was over, that the issue of social democracy was introduced.) Four years later it was the fight over the location of the Graduate College that completed his defeat and was the

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occasion for his turning his attention to politics. It is this dramatic contrast between twenty years of mounting success and then sudden defeat that makes Wilson so fascinating, for the same pattern was later repeated in the White House.

In a sense the Princeton fight offers more opportunities for explanation because the stage is smaller and the issues sharper. Yet the very smallness of the issues raises a further question. As someone said at the time, how could the place at which undergraduates ate and graduate students slept be so important that a president could be broken and a community disrupted? (Mr. Bragdon well documents the bitterness of the Princeton fight from interviews with survivors and measures it by the observation that as late as 1939 there was not a single monument to or sign of Woodrow Wilson to be found at Princeton aside from one portrait hanging among those of other presidents of the University. Yet by that same date there were many tangible recognitions of those who had defeated him.) It was not the issues that caused the defeat, but the man.

All commentators on these years and the subsequent ones in the White House hold Wilson's defects of personality accountable for his abrupt failures. Some, like Alexander and Juliette George in their study of Wilson and Colonel House, focus upon Wilson's father as the destructive influence because of his overbearing manner and humiliation of his son. In their view Woodrow Wilson's insatiable quest for power stemmed from his search for justification and restoration of self-esteem. Freud and Bullitt argue that Wilson spent his life suffering from neurotic physical symptoms that resulted from the total repression of hostility toward his father. Most writers on Wilson, including Mr. Bragdon, agree that Wilson never openly resisted his father, but unlike the Georges, Mr. Bragdon portrays the Reverend Joseph Wilson as supporting his son, and helping to develop his self-confidence. (It would almost seem, in view of such diametrically opposed descriptions, that a biography of the father is badly needed.) Yet Mr. Bragdon agrees with the Georges' conclusion that Wilson's undeniable urge for power arose out of a need to compensate for damaged self-esteem.

Unfortunately, it is not clear from this book what caused that self-esteem to be damaged. It is true that as a young man Wilson had his difficulties. He did not learn to read until he was ten years old and did not attend school until he was twelve. As a consequence he suffered in his first years at school. Also he was a rather delicate boy, who was unable, because of ill health, to complete more than a year of work at Davidson College; later, he had to drop out of the University of Virginia Law School because of illness, too. Moreover, his academic record was generally little more than mediocre anywhere and his attempt to practice law in Atlanta in 1882 was a conspicuous failure. Yet against these admitted difficulties must be set a more than comfortable childhood, an unusual success in winning friends and places of leadership in any group of which he was a part, and an adoring mother and father, who more than willingly supported him financially until he was established in a career he liked. (He was not self-supporting until he was 29.)

It is only fair to say that Mr. Bragdon's primary purpose is to tell the story of Wilson's academic years. Hence he does not direct his full attention to explaining the sudden defeat of Wilson at Princeton. Yet he does find it necessary to offer some explanation for the contrast between a man who for so many years could forcefully lead others and alter institutions, only to find himself suddenly defeated in causes that in themselves seem inadequate to provide an explanation for such a fall. In place of the purely psychological explanations of Freud and Bullitt or the Georges, Mr. Bragdon advances a physical one that has psychological effects. He suggests that mild attacks of cerebral arteriosclerosis ("little strokes") account for Wilson's being unusually aggressive and uncompromising at the time of the Quad and Graduate College fights. This explanation has the merit of relating Wilson's difficulties to particular points in time, thereby recognizing the long history of success that Wilson enjoyed in his relations with others and in his work as teacher and university president. Bragdon's explanation, however, suffers, as do the purely psychological explanations, from the defect of being little more than inference and surmise.

In sum, the mystery of Woodrow Wilson's fatal combination of early successes and later failures remains, as it probably always will, though the fascination it inevitably arouses will undoubtedly produce other books still seeking to unravel its causes. Meanwhile, Wilson's life achievement and torment as academic man has no better monument than this full and judicious study.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Honor Tracy *is the author of a new book,* Men at Work. Joseph A. Page *is a member of the faculty of the University of Denver Law School.* Carl N. Degler *teaches history at Vassar College.* Stanley Kauffmann's *book,* A World on Film, *has just been issued in a paperback edition by Dell.*

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Return to Dallas

by Alexander M. Bickel

It is well, although it is difficult, not to become impatient with the continuing flood of books about the Kennedy assassination. For the truth is that the Warren Commission not only left many strings loose that ought ideally be tied up, but failed satisfactorily to establish the central facts about the awful event. In these circumstances, it would be a devastating commentary on the American spirit if we were all content to let the matter rest. *Fiat justitia ruat caelum*, Mr. Thompson's publisher, Bernard Geis, wrote him in accepting his book for publication. Mark Lane made the point, too, and so does Miss Meagher, who without particular cause, but merely out of free-floating anger and distrust, apparently considers the Kennedy assassination and its aftermath to be characteristic of "a society which often inflicts indignity, imprisonment, and even death on the obscure and helpless." Let justice be done. It makes no difference who is saying it; that is the fitting sentiment.

Six Seconds in Dallas
by Josiah Thompson
(Bernard Geis Associates; $8.95)
Accessories After the Fact
by Sylvia Meagher
(Bobbs Merrill; $8.50)

Whether both of these books bring us nearer to the establishment of truth and justice is another question. Miss Meagher was the author, about a year and a half ago, of a welcome – and the only – *Subject Index to the Warren Report and Hearings and Exhibits* (Scarecrow Press, 1966). Her present book is the fleshed-out index – that is, text and summaries instead of page references – plus a running and disjointed critical commentary. It literally disassembles the Warren Report into bits and pieces, each of which it examines briefly with a magnifying glass if not a microscope. Miss Meagher does not put the bits and pieces together again – which is all right, it was not her object, and for the researcher the book performs a function. But the trouble with it, as with Mark Lane's earlier *Rush to Judgment*, and Leo Sauvage's *The Oswald Affair*, is that it is indiscriminate. Miss Meagher extends the scrupulous equal protection of her attention to every doubt, every ambiguity, every startling coincidence, every loose string, even though, unlike Mr. Lane, for example, she does make a few concessions in favor of the Commission's findings.

Now many doubts and ambiguities resolve themselves once the central facts are known, and other ones are revealed as unimportant. So it is in every investigation. If the Warren Commission had adequately established an essential sequence of events – how the assassination was committed, and hence by whom – it would be foolish, despite remaining peripheral questions, to insist that a second investigation is called for. Miss Meagher ends her book with a plea for a second inquiry, in which I, for one, would join, even this late in the day. But to be persuasive, such a plea must proceed from a demonstration that essential facts are yet to be established. The elements of a demonstration of this sort are nothing new, and they are there in the interstices of Miss Meagher's book, but under layers of trivia.

Six Seconds in Dallas is rather another thing again. It is a padded book – and a picture book, too, with about half the space taken up by illustrations that, to this lay eye, are nowhere near as helpful as the author must have thought they would be. The padding consists of an elaborate rehashing of eyewitness evidence which is in itself not reliable, and becomes no more so when Mr. Thompson assembles it in statistical and then tabular form. But Mr. Thompson has a thesis, around which his book is structured, and which requires an answer that only a fresh investigation could provide. The thesis is that there were at least two assassins (Mr. Thompson thinks three), firing from at least two (again Mr. Thompson thinks three) separate locations.

I have stated Mr. Thompson's theory in reductionist fashion, and I am omitting mention of subsidiary propositions, because I wish to put before the reader the strongest part of the case he makes, those doubts which are not merely speculative, but serious, arising from objective evidence that requires explanation. Some time ago, Vincent Salandria, a Philadelphia lawyer, examining the famous Zapruder film of the assassination, thought he observed that when the President received the last and fatal shot to the head, he first was hurled forward – as one would expect after a shot coming from the rear – but then after a split second moved left and backward. Mr. Thompson has pursued this observation in great detail and with much care. Apparently this is what happened. There is testimony by two Secret Service agents in the Warren Commission hearings (Vol. II, pp. 73-77, 139-141) suggesting that the President's car accelerated radically at about the time of the head shot, which would explain the movement back. But Mr. Thompson's analysis of the film discounts this explanation, and he may well be right. If he is right, some other explanation must be found, or another gunman, firing at almost exactly the same time from the stockade fence in front and to the right of the car, becomes a distinct possibility.

Mr. Thompson's book has its faults. Even where it is strongest, it offers itself a bit pretentiously, which is to say, not as tentatively as it should, and in other places it is quite athletic in jumping to conclusions. But in his analysis of the Zapruder film, and also with respect to a curious dent in one of the cartridge cases found in the Texas School Book Depository Building, Mr. Thompson calls attention to aspects of the physical evidence which the Warren Commission ignored, which raise serious, indeed crucial, questions, and – what is most important – which could be fruitfully reinvestigated even now. Testimonial evidence has gone stale or has vanished. But the physical evidence is there, as good as ever. It may not be possible to arrive at confident answers about all the questions that it raises. The attempt should, however, be made by another official body, for the Warren Commission did not try hard enough.

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John M. Blum: *From the Morgenthau Diaries – Years of War, 1941-1945* (Houghton Mifflin)

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Morton Mintz: *By Prescription Only* (Houghton Mifflin)

Robert Osborn: (George R. Stewart) *No So Rich As You Think* (Houghton Mifflin)
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Are We Being En-Gulfed?

Sirs:

Wolf Von Eckardt's concern for Reston's future under Gulf Oil ("Are We Being En-Gulfed?" December 9) is well founded. While promising to adhere to the New Town's original master plan, Gulf has already begun to wreck that plan. They have requested and been granted county approval to divide up into small lots for single-family homes some of the land which had been designated on the master plan for open space-preserving townhouses and apartments. Instead of beginning work on a second village center, they have announced plans to build a couple of "convenience stores" near where the village center was supposed to be constructed. In other words, Gulf is introducing to Reston the suburban sprawl this New Town was designed to eliminate.

People around the world are watching to see what becomes of Reston because the project has become a real test of the capabilities of our private enterprise system. This system has proven that it can build more powerful spaceships and longer cigarettes. It has shown us how to pollute air and water for profit. It has given us bubble gum, Batman, and unsafe cars. But it has yet to demonstrate that it is capable of creating a superior living environment for people. This is what Robert E. Simon, Jr. tried to do in Reston before Gulf threw him out.

Simon had the imagination, the foresight, the social conscience and the will to offer Americans an alternative to urban sprawl; but he did not have enough money, influence or power. Gulf certainly has the money, the influence and the power. Unfortunately, it doesn't look as though they have the imagination, the foresight, the social conscience or the will. But I hope they prove me wrong.

Fred Flaxman
Former Director of Public Relations
Reston, Virginia

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Infidel in the Temple

Sirs:

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s review of my *Infidel in the Temple: A Memoir of the Nineteen-Thirties*, in your issue of November 11, is a business of faint praise and condescending sniffs; as such, it would not, in itself, call for comment from me. But its concluding remarks constitute a coarse libel of a whole intellectual generation whose ideas were molded by the crisis experience of the thirties; this kind of "historical judgment" does invite discussion. I refer to the reviewer's definition of my book as the expression of "a mood of dopiness which led . . . decent people, who were plainly not communists, to accept a lot of cruel nonsense a generation ago." Thus Mr. Schlesinger simply throws out the window the worldwide crisis which formed the ideas of the prewar left, and attributes all the thinking of the avant garde of the period – about the long depression, Russia, fascism, Spain, the renascent labor movement and the nascent welfare state – to their having been "doped," or "duped." I find it very disconcerting that a man with some pretensions to the discipline of historical writing should offer us such a crude simplification of the movement of ideas during the prewar decade. Yet such simplistic, "revisionist" views are still being steadily expounded by establishment liberals of Mr. Schlesinger's type who came into fashion during the Restoration Period that followed World War II. It was in order to oppose their widely published revisions of the history of my generation that I wrote my book – in whose foreword, for the sake of argument, I included an exact foretaste of what Mr. Schlesinger would be saying about us. The reviewer did not trouble to report fairly what I said before setting up his own contentions.

Mr. Schlesinger holds that I and my contemporaries "never really understood politics very well." But people nowadays are beginning to perceive that the later breed of liberals, who got jobs in the political establishment, or fees from the CIA, while learning a little about our politics did not always tell the truth about them. It seems that the young men and women of Vietnam war days are becoming deeply disenchanted with the opportunist liberals who tried to outshine the extreme right in their "anticommunism," and who, up to recently, helped nourish in our country the mystique of endless cold war. The rejection of all the lessons of the 'thirties, the repudiation of the intellectual leaders of that period, were tactics that conformed to the needs of the cold war at home – which Mr. Schlesinger fervently supported.

I would like to correct the reviewer's false picture of me as a prosperous sort of "country squire in the Housatonic Valley" who was unaware of the sufferings of penniless young writers like Erskine Caldwell and Robert Cantwell. It is clearly that . . . that my squirearchy was made up of rocks, and that I was reduced to supporting seven persons on earnings from writing of $200 a month. In spare time, together with friends who managed to survive, we regularly went to the rescue of our impecunious confreres, like the above mentioned. . . . Mr. Schlesinger objects to my little paradox about the Depression having been in reality "not depressing." However, the letters of the young men of that

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time, freely cited in my book, show that they were buoyed up by the excitement, the challenge of that time of crisis, and even by hope in some form of "revolution." There was indeed a revolution in America's ideas about the duties of the state with regard to human welfare; and pressure from the left helped bring that about.

Matthew Josephson
New York, N.Y.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

reproduce a Broadway hit and with freedom to select his cast, he has moved fully into film. He is perceptive, imaginative, witty; he has a shrewd eye, both for beauty and for visual comment; he knows how to compose and to juxtapose; he has an innate sense of the manifold ways in which film can be better than *he* is and therefore how good he can be *through* it – including the powers of expansion and ellipsis.

From the very first moment, Nichols sets the key. We see Ben's face, large and absolutely alone. The camera pulls back, we see that he is in an airliner and a voice tells us that it is approaching Los Angeles; but Ben has been set for us as *alone*. We follow him through the air terminal, and he seems just as completely, even comfortably isolated in the crowd as he does later, in a scuba suit at the bottom of his family's swimming-pool, when he is huddling contentedly in an underwater corner while his twenty-first birthday party is being bulled along by his father up above.

Nichols understands sound. The device of overlapping is somewhat overused (beginning the dialogue of the next scene under the end of the present scene), but in general this effect adds to the dissolution of clock time, creating a more subjective time. Nichols' use of non-verbal sound (something like Antonioni's) does a good deal to fix subliminally the cultural locus. For instance, a jet plane swooshes overhead – unremarked – as the married woman first invites Ben into her house.

In *Virginia Woolf* I thought I saw some influence of Kurosawa; I think so again here, particularly in such sequences as Ben's welcome-home party where the camera keeps close to Ben, panning with him as he weaves through the crowd, moving to another face only when Ben encounters it, as if Ben's attention controlled the camera's. As with Kurosawa, the effect is balletic; it seeks out quintessential rhythms in commonplace actions.

On the negative side, I disliked Nichols' recurrent affection for the splatter of headlights and sunspots on his lens; and his hang-up with a slightly heavy Godardian irony through objects. (The camera holds on a third-rate painting of a clown after the mistress walks out of the shot. When the girl leaves Ben in front of the monkey cage at the San Francisco zoo, the camera, too luckily, catches the sign on the cage: Do Not Tease.) And a couple of times Nichols puts his camera in places that merely make us aware of his cleverness in putting it there: inside the scuba helmet, inside an empty hotel-room closet looking past the hangers.

But the influences I have cited (there are others) only show that Nichols is alive, hungry, properly ambitious; the defects only show that he is not yet entirely sure of himself. Together, these matters show him still feeling his way toward a whole style of his own. What is important is his extraordinary basic talent: humane, deft, exuberant. And I want to make much of his ability to direct actors, a factor generally overlooked in appraising film directors. (Some famous directors – Hitchcock, for example – can do nothing with actors. They get what the actor can supply on his own. Sometimes – again like Hitchcock – these directors are not even aware of bad performances.) He has helped Anne Bancroft to a quiet, strong portrayal of the mistress, bitter and pitiful. With acuteness he has cast Elizabeth Wilson, a sensitive comedienne, as Ben's mother. From the very pretty Katharine Ross, Ben's girl, Nichols' has got a performance of sweetness, dignity, and a compassion that is simply engulfing. Only William Daniels, as Ben's father, made me a bit uneasy. His WASP caricature (he did a younger version in *Two for the Road*) is already becoming a staple item.

In the leading role, Nichols had the sense and the courage to cast Dustin Hoffman, unknown (to the screen) and unhandsome. Hoffman's face in itself is a proof of change in American films; it is hard to imagine him in leading roles a decade ago. How unimportant, how *interesting* this quickly becomes, because Hoffman is one of the best actors of his generation, subtle, vital, and accurate. Certainly he is the best American film comedian since Jack Lemmon, and, as theatregoers know, he has a much wider range than Lemmon. (For instance, he was fine as a crabby, fortyish, 19th-century Russian clerk in Ronald Ribman's play *Journey of the Fifth Horse.*)

With tact and lovely understanding, Nichols and Hoffman and Miss Ross – all three – show us how this boy and girl fall into a new kind of love: a love based on recognition of identical loneliness on their side of a generational gap, a gap which – never mind how sillily it is often exploited in politics and pop culture – irrefutably exists. When her father is, understandably, enraged at the news of his wife's affair with his prospective son-in-law and hustles the girl off into another marriage, Ben's almost insane refusal to let her go is his refusal to let go of the one reality he has found in a world that otherwise exists behind a pane of glass. The cinema metaphors of the chase after the girl – the endless driving, the jumping in and out of his sports car, even his eventual running

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out of gas – have perhaps too much Keaton about them; they make the film rise too close to the surface of mere physicality; but at least the urgency never flags. At the wedding, when he finds it – and of course it is in an ultra-modern church – there is a dubious hint of crucifixion as Ben flings his outspread arms against the (literal) pane of glass that separates him from life (the girl); but this is redeemed a minute later when, with the girl, he grabs a large cross, swings it savagely to stave off pursuers, then jams it through the handles of the front doors to lock the crowd in behind them.

The pair jump on to a passing bus (she in her wedding dress still) and sit in the back. The aged, uncomprehending passengers turn and stare at them. (One last reminder! – of Lester's old-folks chorus in *The Knack.*) Ben and his girl sit next to each other, breathing hard, not even laughing, just happy. Nothing is solved – none of the things that bother Ben – by the fact of their being together; but, for *him, nothing would be worth solving* without her. We know that and she knows that, and all of us feel very, very good. The chase and the last-minute rescue (just after the ceremony is finished) are contrivances, but they are contrivances tending toward truth, not falsity, which may be one definition of good art.

Paul Simon has written rock songs for the film, sung by Simon and Garfunkel, and as in many rock songs, these lyrics deal easily with such matters as God, *Angst,* the "sound of silence," and social revision. But they *are* typical of the musical environment in which this boy and girl live.

Some elements of slickness and shininess in this wide-screen, color film are disturbing. But despite them, despite the evident influences and defects, the picture bears the imprint of a man, a whole man, warts and all: which is a very different imprint from that of many of Nichols' highly praised, cagy, compromised American contemporaries. *All* the talents involved in *The Graduate* make it soar brightly above its shortcomings and, for reasons given, make it a milestone in American film history. Milestones do not guarantee that everything after them will be better, still they are ineradicable.

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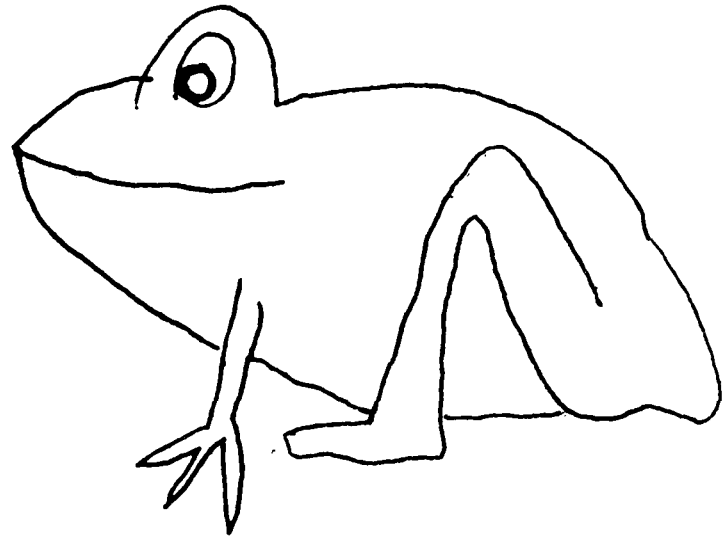

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